

AC284 \$3.95

NEW BOOK  
November 1982

# Dirt Road Deliverance

by Franklin Brooks



# FOREWORD

Many Americans have treated homosexuality like an ostrich with its head in the sand—they simply refuse to believe that a man could physically love another man. Perhaps that is why so many parents cannot confront the fact that their son may have homosexual tendencies—because they cannot believe the condition exists.

For those who have realized that homosexuality is another fact of the human condition, their problem is often that they believe homosexuals are vastly different from themselves and “normal” people.

DIRT ROAD DELIVERANCE is a story that attempts to show that homosexuals have the same emotions and problems as anyone else. Joy, sorrow, ecstasy, love, hate—all these emotions are seen in the characters in this novel.

DIRT ROAD DELIVERANCE will undoubtedly be shocking to those people who ignore the fact that homosexuals exist. And for that segment of society that has always felt that homosexuals are different, perhaps this novel will show them that members of the gay society are different only in their choice of lovers.

The Publisher

## CHAPTER ONE

The nylon of the sleeping bag felt like satiny skin under Perry's nude body. He tossed and turned on top of it, too hot to crawl inside, too restless to sleep. He rubbed the sole's of his feet sensuously against the nylon. His cock lay like a hot-water pipe on his smooth abdomen, throbbing maddeningly. He shoved his hands down alongside his balls, rubbing the moist flesh where his thighs met his crotch, massaging his hot taint with the tips of his fingers. To his right, just inches from his face, Ken's beautiful naked ass invited him to lick it. More than anything else in the world he wanted to shove his lips and nose into the dark, humid cleft between Ken's smooth asscheeks, but he didn't dare—

Ken would wake up then, and that would be the end of their friendship.

Perry sighed, flipped over onto his belly, and looked out the nylon-mesh screen door of the pup tent. Their campfire crackled ten feet away, shooting flames of yellow and blue three feet into the air. It looked more to Perry like a bonfire than a campfire, and the heat it cast off made the inside of the tent a sauna. It was too warm a June night for a fire that size, but Ken had insisted on building a fire that would last most of the night. Ken's insistence on a big fire was due more to Perry's telling him that they really didn't even need a fire tonight than to Ken's belief in the need for a fire. They couldn't seem to agree on anything anymore. Regardless of what Perry said these days, Ken would take the opposite viewpoint if this backpacking trek had been Perry's idea instead of Ken's, they wouldn't even be out here right now because Ken would have claimed it was a dumb idea.

A pine knot exploded in the campfire, and Perry jumped. He glanced over his shoulder at Ken, but Ken hadn't stirred. Ken lay there sleeping as if he didn't have a care in the world, his breathing deep and rhythmic and peaceful, his dark skin looking sleek and elastic over his rising and falling ribcage. Ken was on his left side, his knees pulled up, his dark head resting at the opposite end of the tent from Perry's head. He was slightly smaller than Perry, olive-skinned, lithe-muscled, and almost too beautiful to look at as he slept curled up and bare-assed with the flickering orange light of the

campfire bathing him. Perry turned away again, his cock splitting hard under his belly, his teenage loins filled with a painful ache.

A small gust of wind fanned the campfire and scattered sparks out over the campsite. The flames leapt higher, reaching toward the low-hanging boughs of the red pines that ringed the clearing. Above the swaying tops of the trees, Perry watched the stars winking. It was a clear, warm night in the mountains—a romantic night. The scents of pine and humus and wood-smoke made him drunk. The naked presence of Ken next to him was driving him out of his mind. Why didn't he just throw himself on Ken, rut at Ken's hot flesh? In the state he was in, he'd blow his load before Ken had time to realize what was happening. The frustration would be over with. And their friendship? Did it really matter anymore? Their friendship was falling apart. And besides, in another few weeks Ken would be going off to join the navy. After that, they'd probably never see each other again anyway.

Perry flipped over onto his back, then rolled onto his right side and curled up. The wide pink soles of Ken's feet were staring him in the face now. He could detect a very faint sweaty aroma. If he just leaned forward a little more and shot out his tongue he could lick between Ken's sexy toes. If he leaned forward a little more, he could give Ken a rim-job.

Ken had a small amount of dark fur around his asshole, and that drove Perry crazy. He wished he could get his teeth in it, nibbling and sucking at the short, bristly hairs. All he'd have to do then to blow his load would be to wrap his fingers around his cock. His hot cream would spurt all over Ken's back. He'd be in ecstasy.

Ken mumbled something in his sleep and shifted slightly, curling up more and shoving his ass closer up toward Perry's face. Ken's tight, smooth asscheeks were parted enough for Perry to see all of the moist crack glistening in the firelight. Ken's tiny brownish asspucker resembled a set of pursed lips, and it seemed to quiver a little, inviting a kiss, inviting Perry to probe it with the tip of his tongue. Perry was so intent upon Ken's asspucker that he didn't notice at first that Ken's toes were almost touching his lips now. As he breathed on Ken's toes, they wiggled, brushing his lips.

Electricity prickled through Perry's lips caused his cheeks and tongue to tingle. His lips parted, a trickle of warm spit dribbling from the right corner

of his mouth. He became aware of his breathing—loud and heavy—and of his heart thudding his breastbone. Cupping his swollen balls with his left hand, he wrapped his right hand around his cock. His cock felt bigger in his hand than its usual seven inches. His prick felt like an eight-incher now. He glanced down at his cock, and his prick even appeared larger than usual, its purple head swollen and glossy, its piss-slit open.

Ken mumbled again, smacking his lips, shifting some more. He shoved his forearms down between his thighs, in the process forcing his cock and balls back. As his thighs clamped together again, hugging his forearms, his cock and balls became trapped behind them. Ken's fat cock was half hard, his balls swelling his nutesac so that the dark sac-skin appeared shiny.

"Oh, God!" Perry whispered. "Oh, fuck!" Ken's prick and nuts were no more than six inches from Perry's lips. Perry could smell the musky ball-scent of his best friend, could just about wrap his lips around Ken's fat cock.

Six inches separated Perry's drooling mouth from his most-desired set of cock and balls. He could feel the hot blood surging through the millions of capillaries in his face. The temperature in the tent seemed to have risen fifty degrees.

Ken mumbled something. It sounded like a guy's name, but Perry couldn't be sure. Ken habitually talked in his sleep, but always as if he had a mouthful of bread. Only rarely had Perry been able to understand his words. Ken mumbled again, moaned a sigh, and wiggled his ass a little.

His cock immediately inflated to its full seven inches, the head pressing hard against the back of his right thigh, the veins bloated, his balls rolling in their shiny-skinned sac. The few dark hairs that Ken had on his balls stood up and bristled. Ken's asspucker seemed to have swollen, seemed to throb with the throbbing of his cock.

Perry beat on his own throbbing cock. The prickling thrills shooting through his prick were next to unbearable. His fist tightened, trying to crush the ache, the heat, the agony out of his cockmeat. He rubbed and squeezed his big balls as he masturbated his cock. He was closer than he'd ever been to attacking Ken. He felt as if he were losing control of himself, feared that at any moment he would suffer a mental blackout and would recover from it



to find himself licking furiously at Ken's balls and ass and toes and cock. The virile scent of Ken's ass and balls was definitely making him drunk, making him crazy.

Perry leaned closer, sniffing at Ken's ass and balls. He sniffed up Ken's hard cock, feeling the heat of Ken's prick on his nose and lips. The arrow-shaped backside of Ken's throbbing cockhead was a hair away from his lips now. He could smell Ken's prick, could feel the electricity of its aura. His lips brushed Ken's cock so lightly that Perry wasn't positive that he'd actually touched Ken's prickhead with his lips, but that touch, whether real or imagined, was powerful. Perry drew back, his lips on fire, his head pulsating.

Ken mumbled something, wiggled his ass, humped his slim loins a few times, sliding his cock against the backs of his clamped thighs. Whether Ken was experiencing an erotic dream at that moment or whether he was oblivious to his hard-on and the excited wiggling of his ass in either case, his cock was horny enough to open up and to ooze sex-lube trickle of the hot clear fuck-lube leaked slowly down his dark, satiny thigh, glistening in the firelight.

Perry leaned forward again and ever so lightly licked up the trickle with the tip of his tongue. The juice from Ken's cock was sweet, slightly salty, sticky, slippery. Perry rolled the cock-nectar on his tongue, savoring it a long time before swallowing it. As Perry swallowed, he closed his eyes, happy enough to die.

Ken moaned, his breath deepening and quickening. He worked his loins with a wiggling, thrusting motion, rubbing his cock rhythmically against the backs of his thighs. His swollen balls throbbed with each thrust of his cock, swelling even more in their tight sac.

Perry watched in disbelief. Was this really happening? Would he ever in his life witness a sight more exciting? He watched Ken's ass-cheeks contract, their smooth roundness dimpled with each thrust, the brownish asspucker between them massaged as the asscheeks shimmied together. He imagined sliding his tongue up and down Ken's asscleft while Ken humped, imagined Ken's asscheeks squeezing it, imagined the salty taste of Ken's excited ass. He pressed his nose as close as he dared and sniffed Ken's asscrack.

Ken's cock, sliding back and forth against the backs of his clamped thighs, appeared to be lengthening and thickening. The pleasure strand, that ultra-sensitive strand of nerve-rich flesh that ran down an inch or two from the backside of his cockhead, appeared on Ken to have swollen, appeared to be twitching.

Perry moved up, blowing hotly on Ken's pleasure strand, nibbling the air just a hair above it. Ken groaned and humped faster. Another dribble of clear sex-lube leaked down Ken's thigh. Perry's face felt as if it were badly sunburned. The breath blowing out of his mouth and swirling between Ken's bottom and his face was like a wind out of the Sahara. Perry wrapped the blunt edge of his lips around Ken's pleasure strand, sucking it up gently.

"Oooh," Ken moaned. "Ooooh, ohh!" His ass jerked with quick, short movements.

Perry twisted his head slowly from side to side, tugging with his lips alone at Ken's magic strand. Then he licked up and down with the wet, pointed tip of his tongue.

"Mmmm," Ken sighed. "Ahhh!" His ass stilled. His cock jerked around behind his thighs.

Perry backed off, panting painfully while he tried to hold his breath and remain quiet. The tent suddenly seemed filled with only his trembling breaths and his thudding heartbeats. He froze, his cock jerking in his hand, his lips tingling from the touch and taste of Ken's cock. It seemed like minutes before Ken's ass wiggled again and he mumbled in his unmistakable sleeping voice. Perry let his breath out in a sigh of relief, realizing that what had seemed like minutes of anxious waiting had actually been no more than a second or two. Ken was still asleep.

Ken was humping again, more excitedly now, as if he were trying to recreate the sensations Perry's gentle nibbling had caused. His big cock slid in the slippery sex-lube on his thigh. His balls appeared to have bloated larger than golf balls.

Perry leaned close again and gingerly touched Ken's right ball with the tip of his tongue. When Ken showed no reaction, Perry began to lick.

Gently, carefully, Perry began to clean Ken's sweaty balls with the wet flat of his quivering tongue.

“Mmmmmmm!” Ken moaned, writhing sensuously, his toes curling.

Perry licked off both of Ken’s balls, then nuzzled down under them and kissed Ken’s warm taint. Ken continued his slow humping, giving no indication that he was waking up. Perry let his tongue glide down Ken’s asscrack just the tip of it, but enough to get a taste. Perry backed away, his eyes closed, his heartbeat throbbing in his temples. The taste of Ken’s ass was on his tongue. He was so close to blowing his load that he knew he couldn’t hold back. Within seconds he’d be spurting hot cum all over Ken’s back. He cupped his left hand over the end of his cock so he could catch his cum as it burst out.

Then what happened seemed to happen in slow motion, taking minutes rather than seconds. As Perry writhed with pleasure, his toes curling, his legs shimmying together, his tight fist easing the hot skin up and down over the marble-hard shaft of his cock, he licked Ken’s cock, licked Ken’s prick from its base at Ken’s ballsac to its head. The fat, wet flat of his tongue slurped up the long seven inches of Ken’s cock, tasting, feeling, stimulating. As Perry’s wet, slightly rough tongue slurped along Ken’s quivering pleasure-strand and across the backside of Ken’s glassy cockhead, Ken grunted, humping quicker, and Perry felt Ken’s cock swell and harden under his tongue.

A split-second later, Ken’s hot cum spurted against the backs of his thighs, and at that moment, Perry exploded his own cum into his waiting hand.

Perry’s head swam with dizziness. His body convulsed. He got his tongue in front of Ken’s spurting cock and lapped at the hot cum as it burst out. He slurped up Ken’s cum, sucked it up into his mouth and swallowed as fast as it shot out of Ken’s pulsating cock. The taste was numbing to his lips. The alkaline scent of cum filled his head.

Baby! Perry thought heatedly. Oh, Kenny, feed it to me! Oh, you’re good!

Oh, Jesus, you’re good!

He was aware of Ken grunting and moaning, aware of Ken’s loins shuddering and jerking as the cum continued to spurt out of his long, contracting cock, some splatting audibly against the backs of his thighs,



some bursting against Perry's lips and tongue. Hot cum dripped from Perry's chin. More hot cum—Perry's own—seeped between the fingers of his cupped hand and dribbled onto his sleeping bag. It seemed to Perry as if the close hot air of the tent had become instantly saturated with the aroma of fresh jism. He felt as if he were going to faint, his body melting away with pleasure. Ken's sweet jism was sliding down his throat.

The sound of Ken's moaning filled his ears. His own cock was flexing in his hand, endlessly spurting a load of thick, hot cum. They were coming together. He'd been waiting all his life for this.

At the height of his pleasure, Perry gained control of himself, however.

The realization that Ken was waking up forced its way through his whirling mind. Ken was still oozing cum from his throbbing prick when Perry spun away from him and, turned onto his left side. Then he breathed deeply, trying to gain control of his twitching loins, trying to give the appearance that he was sleeping. The sticky cum was running out of his left hand, making a mess all over his sleeping bag, but Perry couldn't do anything about that right now. He heard Ken turning over.

"Jesus Christ! Oh, fuck!" Ken half whispered, half muttered out loud.

"Crap!"

Perry could hear Ken rummaging in his pile of clothing at the side of the tent. He heard Ken's belt buckle rattle. With his eyes clamped shut and his breath half held, he listened to the sound of Ken wiping the cum off the backs of his thighs and off the sleeping bag, probably with a sweat sock. Then there was silence, and he could feel Ken's eyes on his back.

"Perry," came the whisper, and from the tone of it Perry could tell that Ken was hoping he wouldn't answer. Ken wanted to know whether Perry was awake, wanted to know whether Perry had heard or witnessed his orgasm, but he wanted the answer to both those questions to be no.

Perry breathed deeply, giving a snort which he hoped was convincing—the snort of a sleeper whose sleep was being disturbed by somebody's whispering. He hoped to God that Ken wouldn't peek over his shoulder and in the process notice the cum dribbling out of his hand and dripping from the piss-slit of his throbbing, still-swollen cock.

He relaxed a little when he heard Ken unscrewing the hard plastic cap of the metal canteen. He heard Ken glugging down water, and he was immediately thirsty.

When Ken settled back down again, Perry couldn't tell whether Ken was facing him, looking at his naked back, or whether Ken had turned back onto his left side and was facing away from Perry as he'd been before.

Perry lay there stiffly, not even daring to swallow to wet his parched throat.

You're being a fool, he told himself. What does it matter if Ken knows you're awake? You have as much a right to be awake as he does. Besides, he only thinks he's had a wet dream.

He felt cramped, thirsty, nervous. The sticky cum was drying on his hand and on the tip of his cock. He could still taste Ken's cum, could feel some of Ken's cum drying on his chin and lips, and his cock wouldn't go down.

It was probably only minutes, but it felt like hours, before he heard the familiar sounds of Ken's breathing. And then he forced himself to stay still for another interminable few minutes before he dared roll over.

Ken lay on his right side, facing Perry, his olive face looking boyishly cute in the flickering firelight, his fat cock hanging toward the ground.

Ken's arms were crossed, and a faint, peaceful smile tugged at his lips.

Perry would have traded anything in the world for a kiss from Ken's soft lips, and for a moment he thought about trying to steal one. But then he chickened out. He couldn't press his luck anymore tonight. He settled for a drink of water.

## CHAPTER TWO

Joel sat out on the front porch cleaning his .22 rifle, getting ready to go out with his pa and do some morning hunting—squirrels, rabbits, whatever they could find. A nice rattlesnake would sure fill the bill.

Joel's mouth watered as he imagined a big hunk of rattler still steaming on a plate. Then he heard a girlish squeal from inside the house and he scowled. All Wrenny was good for was getting ass-fucked by pa. The little slut couldn't fry an egg, let alone a rattler. About the only thing Wrenny didn't burn was mustard greens, and that was only because he boiled them in a gallon of water.

Finished cleaning his rifle, Joel started reassembling it. He was just killing time. The rifle hadn't needed cleaning in the first place. He would probably end up taking apart pa's rifle, cleaning it, and reassembling it before pa was ready to head up into the woods. It was all that fucking Wrenny's fault—always monopolizing pa. He was a fucking bitch. He had a cock between his legs, but that cock didn't make him a boy. No way. Not the way he loved getting his sorry little shithole buggered by pa's big fucker. Shit, Wrenny was twice the whore of any of those eyelash-fluttering cunts down at the valley high school.

Joel let out a chuckle and looked up over the hazy mountains in front of him, squinting at the sun burning its way through the haze. By noon the sun would have burned off the haze and the sky would be a brilliant blue—a great day for hunting, a great day to be free. Free at last from that Goddamned school in the valley with its Goddamned fancy-talking teachers and its ass-wiggling cunts who all thought they were better than hill people. He was done with that place—legally done with it. No more truant officers traipsing up here once a month to threaten pa with jail because Joel spent more days hunting than he did in that Goddamned valley school where they made fun of you because you were hill people. He'd served his time, served his legal time at that place, and now he'd dropped out legally, and he wasn't ever going back.

“Kiss my ass,” he said out loud, pretending to be addressing the truant officer and the fancy teachers and the bitch cuts. “Kiss my shitter, you

buncha fancy asses. I ain't goin' back."

He stood up, dropped his rifle, and hauled his fat uncut cock out of his pants. Then he hung a yellow stream of piss in the air and off the porch.

A startled white hen ran away cackling, Joel's hot piss having just missed its head, and Joel laughed, swinging from side to side and whipping, the humid mountain air with his piss stream.

"Piss on the world," he said. "And especially piss on the valley school and on all city people." Still pissing, he made a megaphone of his hands and shouted up into the woods and over the distant mountains. "Hear me, you bunch of fancy asses? Piss on you!"

He stuffed his dripping cock back in his pants and picked up his rifle.

At that moment, Mac came bounding around the corner of the woodshed, tail up in the air, whimpering. The big old coonhound paused to sniff at the wet blotches on the dark earth where Joel had pissed, then leapt up onto the porch, claws clicking on the gray wood.

Joel stooped, picking a brown bur out of the dog's shiny black coat. "You been out tracking already, I can see," Joel said, petting the dog's back while Mac sniffed at his armpit. "Well, don't look at me with those accusing eyes. I ain't the one's been holding things up. Once pa gets his fucker in that greasy shitter of my little brother's, he just don't know how to get it out again." He patted the dog on the head. "Now, you just wait here while I try and fetch pa. Don't go holding your breath, though, while you're waiting, or you might strangle yourself."

Joel straightened up and turned the jiggly metal knob on the door. Then he slipped inside the house quickly, making sure to keep Mac from squeezing in along with him. He pushed Mac's head out of the door opening with his boot, then eased the door shut, nearly pinching Mac's wet black nostrils. Stupid hound, he thought. After all these years, still trying to sneak in when he's not supposed to. Not that it mattered much anymore whether the hound got in or not. Pa sure didn't give a fuck, and neither did Wrenny. Joel really didn't either, except it had been one of ma's main rules that no animals were to set foot in the house, and Joel wanted to abide by ma's rules in order to honor her memory. Good old ma, with her screeching voice and all her rules. When she'd been alive, Joel had found her

downright intolerable. But now that she'd been in the grave out back for nearly a year, she seemed to be getting sweeter and more lovable in memory as time went on. And she'd been a damned good housekeeper and cook—nothing at all like Wrenny, the stupid little shit. But pa appeared more satisfied with Wrenny than he had with ma, mainly, Joel guessed, because Wrenny's ass was twice as hot and tight as ma's cunt had been.

Joel waded through the front room mess and went straight to pa's bedroom where he could hear all the commotion going on. It was pa's and Wrenny's bedroom now. It hadn't been long after ma had died that Wrenny had begun sleeping with pa on a regular basis. And for the last six months Wrenny had been keeping pa's bed warm every night. Joel had been sleeping alone in the bedroom on the other side of the kitchen, the bedroom he'd shared with Wrenny for many years. It was actually kind of nice having the creaky old bed all to himself, except it could get damn cold in winter without another warm body.

Joel found his coupled pa and brother where he expected—posed in the middle of the bed like a moving sculpture. The bed was right in front of the biggest window in the house, and, although the sun wasn't shining directly into the room, the bedroom seemed to glow due to the light reflecting off the dirty white walls. It was the brightest room in the one-story house, and the only room with a mirror. A big old wood-framed mirror hung above the bureau across the small room, and Joel's pa was watching himself in it.

Joel stood in the doorway, rifle butt resting on the floor, barrel in his right hand. "Pa?"

"Hey, Joel," Saul Fenton said, winking at Joel via their reflections in the mirror. He was on his knees, mounted on Wrenny's wiggling, upturned ass, his big cock fucking in and out rhythmically and gleaming with grease like a polished tusk.

Wrenny, his long blond hair sweeping the mattress as he looked away from the mirror and turned his head toward Joel, grinned at Joel. His blue-green eyes appeared glazed and drunk. "Hey, Joel. Wanna suck my dick?"

Wrenny's six-inch cock, aimed straight ahead under his skinny belly, flexed up and down, its purplish prick-knob tapping at his navel.

“Hell, no!” Joel said. “I’d rather chew on Mac’s dog-rod. It tastes a hell of a lot better.”

Wrenny made a face and shoved out his tongue.

Saul guffawed. “Aw, now, Joel, quit being so all-fired jealous of your little brother.”

“Jealous? Pa, how many times I gotta say it? I ain’t jealous. What I got to be jealous about—that I ain’t a little cunt with long girly hair?”

Wrenny stuck out his tongue again. “I ain’t no girl. I got a prick nearly as big as yours. And pa likes my hair this long. He thinks it’s pretty. Doncha, Pa?” He grinned up over his shoulder at Saul and fluttered his long eyelashes.

Joel wanted to vomit, but, at the same time, his cock stirred in his jeans and he cursed silently. It never failed but that Wrenny turned him on. The boy was some kind of demon, some kind of sex-devil. Wrenny had a power in him, a strange sex power that could control men. Joel bit his lower lip and closed his eyes for a moment. He took a deep breath.

“Prettiest hair I ever seen,” Saul said, pulling up handfuls of Wrenny’s tresses as if they were golden reins. The hair reached almost to Wrenny’s lower back, and Saul spread it on Wrenny’s back, stroking the yellow silk while he continued to fuck his cock in and out of Wrenny’s clutching asshole. “And the prettiest ass I ever seen too.”

Wrenny made a sound that sounded like a cross between a baby cooing and a kitten purring. He brought his right hand up off the bed and wrapped his fingers around his own cock. He worked his fist back and forth around his cock, working his prick skin up and down on the shaft. He glanced at Joel, then up at Saul. “Feels good, Pa. You’re a real man.”

Saul gripped Wrenny’s little hips in his huge hands and fucked Wrenny’s ass hard. He was panting. “And you’re a real boy, sweetheart. Mnn, all boy.”

Joel’s cock was suddenly trying to bust out of his pants. “Pa, are we going hunting this morning, or not?” He banged the wooden stock of his .22 against the floor a few times.



“Just as soon as I’m done, Joel. You can see that I’m busy.” Saul’s eyes were trained on himself in the mirror again and on the reflection of the young boy he was fucking.

“Yeah, just as soon as he’s done,” Wrenny said.

“Who asked you, asshole?” Joel growled. “I oughta ram this gun barrel up your smelly little hole and pull the trigger.”

Saul swung his head around and glared at him directly. “I don’t wanna hear no more talk like that around this house, young ’un, or I’m gonna fetch me my razor strap and you and me’s gonna take a trip to the woodshed. Hear that, boy?”

Joel hung his head, biting his lip.

“I asked you a question, young ’un.”

Joel looked up to see his pa still glaring at him and his brother smirking at him.

“Yes, Pa.”

“Well, all right then,” Saul said, and he resumed his ass-fucking with a vengeance.

Wrenny squealed, his head tossing, his eyes rolling back. “Oh, Pa, oooh, Pa, oooooow!” His brown hand jerked on his cock.

Joel gripped his cock through his pants. He couldn’t help it, but pa fucking Wrenny’s hot little butt was about driving him to beat off while he watched. He was tempted to haul his cock out and to get up on the bed and stuff his fucker down Wrenny’s throat. The only trouble was that he knew Wrenny would love it, and he wasn’t going to give Wrenny any further pleasure if he could help it. He squeezed his cock hard, trying to crush out the itchy feelings.

Wrenny arched his willowy little back, shoving his ass up high and driving it hard into Saul’s pounding abdomen. Wrenny’s ass rotated as he fucked his father’s cock. The young boy’s dirty pink toes curled.

“Fuck me, Pa, fuck me!”

“I’m fucking you, sweetheart, I’m fucking you!”

Whenever Joel heard his pa call Wrenny sweetheart, he wanted to vomit. He wished he could tear himself away now and run out into the sunshine and go hunting alone—to hell with pa, if all he wanted to do was fuck all day. He could hear Mac whimpering outside and scratching at the front door, begging him to come out. But he couldn't leave. The sight before him was too fascinating. As many times as he'd seen pa fuck Wrenny, it was still just as exciting as ever to watch. He was fascinated by the expressions of pleasure on Wrenny's face. He couldn't understand it—why did Wrenny get so much pleasure out of getting fucked? He himself had been buggered once—pa had buggered him out behind the woodshed and he'd screamed so loud with pain that ma had come running and had torn into pa with her fingernails like a mad she-cat. And that had been the end of that—pa, had never tried assfucking him again. But Wrenny was a different story.

The first time Wrenny had been buggered, Joel had done the buggering himself, using nothing but spit for grease. And once Wrenny had got a taste of cock up his itchy young ass, there'd been no stopping him. He'd started begging Joel to fuck him all the time. And his tight ass became a legend around the valley school, where the boys started preferring Wrenny's ass to the cunts of those lash fluttering bitches. That was an embarrassment to Joel, having the school whore for his kid brother. And then when ma had died, Wrenny had replaced her as pa's bed companion before the dirt had even settled on her grave. What was Wrenny—a girl or a boy? And what made him the way he was? Joel spent a lot of time thinking on those questions, but he didn't think he'd ever figure out the answers.

Saul was on top of Wrenny now, his hairy chest and belly pressed to Wrenny's smooth back, his big hands braced on the bed alongside Wrenny's hands, his teeth gnawing at Wrenny's neck and shoulder as if he were a tomcat mounted on a female cat. Wrenny had let off beating his cock, needing both hands braced against the mattress so he could support his father's weight. Wrenny's cock flexed and quivered, beating against his tight belly each time Saul fucked into him. The bedsprings creaked rhythmically, and Wrenny grunted and whimpered. Saul groaned, muttering about how good it felt to be fucking Wrenny's hot, tight boy-ass.

Joel pulled out his seven-plus-inch cock and began to haul on his prick back-handed, as if he were milking a cow's tit. His foreskin slipped back

and forth over his shiny purple prickhead. He unsnapped his pants so he could haul his balls out. He pinched and pulled on his ball-skin while he slowly massaged his blood-engorged cock. His sac-skin felt rubbery and elastic as he stretched it away from his swollen balls. While he pleased himself, he kept his eyes trained on his pa's big fucker reaming out his little brother's asshole and on Wrenny's cock jerking up and down with excitement.

"Oh, Pa, oh shit, Pa, oh!" Wrenny gibbered, twisting his head while Saul pounded his ass and chewed on a mouthful of his tender neck-flesh.

Saul's face was red, his grizzly grayish brown whiskers wet with some of his slobbered spit. His wild hair stood out in all directions, as if the hairs themselves had erected from the excitement. Saul Fenton resembled a wild man out of the woods, a sexual werewolf assaulting a naked village urchin. Saul got his right arm up and wrapped it wound Wrenny's slender waist, hugging Wrenny's boyish loins to his own hairy manly loins. His dripping cock fucked in and out mercilessly, making squishing noises in the box's juicy asshole. His rock-hard abdomen smacked and, thudded against the boy's wiggling ass. Saul's fucking was becoming savage, almost sadistic, as if the man were losing his mind, and Joel jerked on his own cock faster and faster, excited by his father's bestial lust, imagining his own cock fucking in and out of Wrenny's sucking shithole.

"Oh, baby, oh, baby, oh shit!" Saul muttered, twisting his ass and fucking his cock viciously up into the young boy. His hairy belly scoured Wrenny's ass. Wrenny moaned, writhed. Saul fucked his cock out, then fucked it in again and again and again. He caught up a mouthful of Wrenny's yellow hair, sucking on it, ripping at it with his teeth. His head snapped back.

"Ohhh, Wrenny, ohhhhh, baaaby!" His hairy ass shuddered, his loins jerked, and he whimpered like a whipped hound.

"Shoot it, Pa!" Wrenny gasped, his back arched, his ass shoved up high into his father's scouring gut. "Oh, Pa!"

"Baby!" Saul grunted, firing round after round of hot jism into the body of his son. "Wrenny, baby!"

Joel's hand was nearly jerking the skin off his swollen cock. His prick was on fire. An unbearable sexual itch rushed up and down through his piss tube. His balls throbbed, swelling, tightening.

Wrenny's dizzy head turned toward Joel, his eyes wobbling and glazed. His eyes widened when he spotted Joel. "Joel, stud, feed me! Let me eat your jizz!" His mouth gaped wide. His tongue hung out like the tongue of a panting dog, spit dribbling off.

Joel released his cock as if his prick were a glowing branding iron. He held his breath as his cock jerked up and down, the jism in his loins bubbling up and on the verge of erupting through his piss tube. He tried to grin maliciously and triumphantly at Wrenny, tried to give Wrenny his best smirk.

Wrenny groaned with frustrated hunger, and Joel giggled with giddiness.

The pleasure of denying Wrenny was greater than the pleasure of fucking Wrenny's mouth and shooting down Wrenny's throat—at least for this one time it was. This was one of the few times Wrenny was failing to seduce Joel with those seductive eyes and that wet, full-lipped mouth. Wrenny sucked cum like a vampire sucked blood, and he had a power over men. But Joel had thwarted his seduction. Joel was frustrating the little bastard.

It felt good, satisfying.

Joel forced his hard cock back into his pants and zipped up. He gave Wrenny the finger. His balls hurt, but it was worth it.

Like a dead man, Saul slid off Wrenny's ass, his cock popping out and flicking off cum, and he collapsed beside Wrenny on the creaking bed.

Wrenny fell on top of him, humping his hard prick at Saul's hairy belly, shoving his tongue into Saul's slack mouth.

"Let's get going, Pa," Joel said. "Half the morning's over."

Wrenny wriggled on top of Saul, licking his grizzled cheeks, sucking on his red nose, sliding down to bite on Saul's nipples. Saul groaned, sighed. Wrenny slid down and started sucking the cum off Saul's fat half hard cock. Saul arched up, moaning.

Joel grabbed his rifle from where it was leaning against the doorframe.

“Pa,” he whined. “Let’s get going.”

Saul gasped as Wrenny slid down and started to lick under his hairy balls. His eyes rolled under their closed lids.

“Dadburnit, Pa, I wanna go hunting!”

“Gimme a half hour to get my strength back,” Saul said, petting Wrenny’s golden head while Wrenny giggled and sucked on Saul’s balls.

“Fuck that, Pa! I been waiting an hour already. If you ain’t coming now, then me and Mac’s goin’ without you.”

“Maybe that’s a good idea, son. I’m kinda tuckered out this morning anyways.”

“All right, I’m goin’ alone then, damn it!” He spun away and stormed out of the room.

“Good huntin’, Joel,” came Saul’s voice from the bedroom.

And then came Wrenny’s girlish giggle. Joel burst out the front door so suddenly that he tripped over Mac on the porch and almost broke his neck as he toppled off onto the ground. Mac squealed and growled, the sun slapped down on top of him like an oppressive hand, and Joel felt like killing something.

## CHAPTER THREE

They were high up on a rocky ridge trail, hazy mountains all around, the late-morning sun turning the humid air to an acid mist. They were both stripped down to clinging cut-off shorts and their hiking boots and socks. The nylon support bands of Perry's backpack frame grated against his sweat-dripping back, chafing his skin and making it burn. He hung his head, his gaze on Ken's flexing calf muscles, trying to keep up with Ken's relentless pace. They'd been hiking three hours without a break.

Ken seemed to be obsessed or in some kind of trance.

Perry snagged the toe of his boot on a rock and crashed down to his hands and knees, skinning both. "Damn it!"

Ken turned around, hands on his hips. "What happened?"

"I tripped over a Goddamned rock."

"It's not the rock's fault. Don't blame the rock."

Perry scowled up at him, then struggled up to a wobbly standing position.

The backpack felt as if it weighed a hundred pounds. "Can we rest for a minute, for Christ sake?"

"Rest? We just got going."

Perry held up his arm, letting Ken read his digital watch. "We broke camp at eight. Now it's eleven."

"Oh, all right. We rest for five minutes."

"Five minutes. How extravagant! You sure we can afford that much time?" Perry ripped open the waist belt of his Kelty pack, leaned forward, and struggled out of the padded shoulder straps. He dropped it on the ground, not caring whether the jagged rocks tore it open. He felt like abandoning the pack, letting the elements and the animals have it. He dreaded the thought of harnessing himself in it again.



Ken took off his own pack, leaned it up against a boulder, then sat down, resting his back up against the boulder. He unhooked his canvas-covered canteen from his belt and uncapped it, taking a long, throat-bobbing drink.

Perry watched him, feeling the urge to descend on him like a vampire and to bite into the olive skin of his neck. He flopped down on the ground, lying on his side and resting his right elbow on the blue mound that was his pack. He held out his left hand. "Mind if I take a swig?"

Ken lowered the canteen, wiping his mouth with his wrist. "You've got your own canteen. What's the matter—you like the taste of my spit or something?"

"Mine's empty."

"Christ!" Ken shook his head as if Perry were hopeless. He shoved the canteen at Perry. "Don't guzzle it all."

Perry waved the canteen away. "Keep it. I'll live without it."

Ken twisted the black plastic cap back onto the mouth of the canteen.

"Suit yourself." He looked out over the mountains.

Perry looked out over the mountains too. It seemed as if he and Ken were the only two human beings within a hundred miles. He should have been the happiest boy alive, but instead he had a lump in his throat. He was ready to explode with tears, to throw himself at Ken and ask Ken why they were always fighting with each other these days. Why did they seem to hate each other? I love you, Ken, he wanted to say—let's not fight.

"You rested enough?" Ken asked, getting up.

"Would it matter if I said no? What's the big rush? You trying to set some kind of record or something?"

Ken heaved his pack up, swung it onto his back, got his arms in the harnessing straps. "I just wanna get going, that's all. I wanna get back.

I've got a lot of things to take care of before I leave for boot camp."

Perry forced himself to stand. "Boot camp? You're not even signed up yet.

How do you know when you'll be going to boot camp? It might be a month yet."

"A couple weeks. You ready?"

Perry swung his pack onto his back, nearly buckling under it. It seemed to weigh two hundred pounds now. Before he'd even adjusted his waist belt, he saw Ken trudging ahead. "Wait up, will ya? Christ!"

He had to half jog to catch up.

A half hour later they reached a fork in the trail. The main trail went on ahead along the ridge, that was clear. The trail that branched off it descended along the side of the mountain, and it looked untraveled. Perry was skeptical as to whether it was a man-made trail or one made by deer.

Ken was sure that it was a man-made trail and that it would be even more of a shortcut to their destination than the ridge trail they'd been on.

As it was, the ridge trail hadn't been much of a trail. An unmapped branch off the Appalachian Trail was all it was, and they'd been on it since yesterday afternoon when Ken had insisted that they take it as a shortcut. Now Ken was insisting that they take an unmapped branch of an unmapped branch. They were getting farther and farther away from the main trail, deeper and deeper into the forest, closer and closer to being completely lost.

"You can't get lost with a compass," Ken said. "Come on—we'll save ourselves a whole day of busting ass. All you've been doing is complainin' about the heat and how heavy your pack is. I'd think you'd wanna save yourself some work."

"The only reason I'm complaining is because you're running up and down these mountains like a marathoner. If we could go at a decent pace, I'd have nothing to complain about. Besides, I was hoping for five days out here—not four. This'll probably be our last trip ever together, you know."

Ken appeared speechless for a moment, then let out an exasperated sigh.

"Come on, will ya?" He swung down the side trail. "Go which ever way you want. I'm going this way." He didn't look back.

For just a moment, Perry was tempted to tell Ken to go to hell, and to continue along the ridge trail by himself, but then the departing flash of

Ken's red backpack caught his eye and a sense of panic washed over him. He stumbled down the trail after Ken, fighting the urge to call out to Ken and trying to swallow down the lump in his throat.

It was half past twelve when they arrived at a sunny clearing with its walled-in spring. The spring was actually several springs—or maybe one giant spring—a sandy-bottomed pool twenty feet across and a few feet deep, surrounded by greenish-brown rock and narrowing at its lower end to become a silver stream that slithered off through the dense woods.

"I told you this was the best way to come," Ken said, dancing naked in the water, his soft cock flapping, his tanned muscles gleaming in the sunshine.

Perry laughed, the bubbling sand massaging his feet as he danced from one foot to the other, the cold water sending spears of ice up through the bones of his legs. He was naked like Ken, but he wasn't worried about getting an embarrassing hard-on—the freezing water was taking the starch out of his prick.

"Let's stay here all afternoon," Perry said. "Set up camp. This is the coolest place I've ever seen."

Ken looked thoughtful for a moment, as if the idea Perry had presented was a good one. Perry held his breath, hoping.

"I don't know," Ken said, trudging out of the pool and seating himself on the sun-heated stone. He pulled his knees up and hugged them, rubbing his brown feet on the smooth stone to warm them. "What're we gonna do here all afternoon?"

Perry joined him on the rock wall above the bubbling water. "Relax," he said. "Sunbathe, cool off in the spring, talk." He laid his right hand on Ken's left shoulder.

Ken leaned away, as if Perry's hand were an oppressive weight. "I don't know. I was really planning to get back by tomorrow. That town we'll be coming out at only has one bus going through it a day. Ten in the morning. If we stay here tonight we might not make the bus in time in the morning."

"So we stay in the woods another night. That's what we'd planned on anyway."

“Yeah, but I wanted to get back sooner.”

You never consulted me about the possible change of plans, Perry wanted to argue, but instead of opening his mouth and setting off another hopeless fight, he sidled over behind Ken, sliding his ass on the smooth, hot stone, and he grabbed Ken’s trapezium muscles—one hand on each side of Ken’s neck—and he began to work his thumbs into the tense tissue.

“Hey, what’s the idea?” Ken said, pulling away with a nervous laugh. But Perry gripped him tighter, pushing his thumbs in deep, crushing out the knots of tension, stimulating the nerves of Ken’s upper back. Ken relaxed, resting his arms on top of his knees and letting his head droop forward. “Where’d you learn to do that?” he mumbled, a sigh escaping him.

“Comes natural,” Perry said, sliding up closer behind Ken and pushing his legs around Ken’s legs. His front was less than a foot away from Ken’s back, and he could feel the heat radiating off Ken’s sun-drenched bronze skin. His cock stood up against his abdomen now, pointing straight up at the blue sky. The urge to press up against Ken and to bite at the muscles he was now massaging was beginning to overwhelm him.

Ken moaned—the closest to a sexual sound that Perry had ever heard Ken make while awake. Perry began to shake, his hands becoming vibrators, his fingers and thumbs manipulating Ken’s softening muscles as if they were bread dough.

Ken’s head nodded gently from side to side. “Fantastic! Oh, man, my muscles are so fucking sore. I never knew they were that sore. Oh, wow, this is wild.”

Perry’s heart slammed in his head. He felt as if his cock were going to split up the middle. All his frustrated desire—his years and years of frustrated desire—was welling up in him and building toward an explosion. He wanted to fuck his cock up Ken’s asshole, to crush Ken in the grip of his arms and legs, to fill Ken with his hot cum, with his endless load of thick love-cream.

“Keep doing it,” Ken moaned. “Oh, yeah.”

Perry couldn’t control himself another second. He threw himself at Ken, crushing Ken in an embrace, driving his raging cock against Ken’s smooth ass.

An explosion shattered the quiet. It was as if a balloon had burst just inches from Perry's head.

Joel dove out of the trees and into the sun broiled clearing, his hands sweating around the smoking .22 rifle, his shoulder still tingling slightly from the little kick the rifle stock had given it. He'd blasted a slug into the spring pool, had sworn that he'd heard the explosive sizzle of the hot lead as it blasted through the icy water and buried itself in the sand, and he grinned, satisfied with the noise he'd made and with its affect on the two pansies. The two had jerked up like puppets, had jumped to their feet as if he'd planted a slug under each of their naked asses. They stood shivering in front of him how with eyes as big as those of hound-cornered rabbits, their big pansy cocks standing up and shivering as hard as the rest of them. Mac half crouched at Joel's feet, the black fur on his back bristling, a savage growl sliding out past his bared canine fangs. To Mac, these two naked pansies were game as fair as raccoons or rabbits or fawns. One word from Joel and Mac would tear their pricks off.

"Hey, what is this?" the dark-haired one said, his voice quavering. He looked as if he were going to piss.

"Shut up!" Joel said, pointing the rifle at him. "Don't say nothing unless you wanna get blowed off that rock. I'm asking the questions here—understand?"

Both boys shook their heads, their eyes frozen on the end of the rifle barrel.

"Couple a pretty boys," Joel said. "Come up here trespassing so they can make out. Don't want the other city folks to know they's pansies. What ya think we oughta do with 'em, Mac?"

Mac snarled, his bared fangs dripping spit.

The dark-haired boy's legs shook as if the bones inside them had dissolved. His olive skinned face turned whiter than the sandy haired boy's fair face. The sandy-haired boy caught him as he started to collapse, as he started to faint like some lily-livered young girl, and the sandy-haired boy hugged the dark-haired boy in his arms, stroking his face, cradling his head.

Joel watched fascinated for a few seconds, then caught himself. His finger squeezed ever so slightly on the trigger. He imagined the explosion,

imagined the hot lead plugging the both of them and the two of them jerking backwards and crashing into the icy water. He imagined them twitching in the water, imagined the blood blossoming from the holes in their chests and spreading out on the water like a red dye. At the scent of blood, Mac would go crazy. Dogs were like that—blood crazy.

“Please,” the sandy-haired boy said. “Don’t kill us. We’ll do anything you ask. Anything.” His voice was almost calm, and there was something about his gray-blue eyes that slid deftly into Joel’s mind and made him think.

“Yeah,” Joel said. “I guess you will.”

There was a hint, just a touch, of Wrenny’s eyes in this sandy-haired pansy’s eyes, and it suddenly occurred to Joel that these pansies were good for fucking. These two could provide Joel with some pleasure. Always time to dispose of them later, if it was necessary. And pa would enjoy a change of hot ass-meat too. Pa must be getting a little tired of Wrenny’s smelly little ass by now. Pa would be pleased with Joel’s hunting today.

He might not have got any squirrels or rabbits, but he’d caught something else to make up for it.

“All right, you pansies, down on your knees. You’re gonna learn to pleasure a real man now.” He set down his rifle, keeping his eyes on the hugging queers as they went to their knees together. “Don’t get any funny ideas—hear? Old Mac here’s just drooling for a bloody piece of your asses, and all I gotta do is give him the word. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” the sandy-haired boy said.

Joel grinned, pulling off his shirt. Sir! Now that was a real nice touch.

Nobody had ever called Joel sir before. That sandy-haired boy wasn’t all that dumb for being a pansy and a city boy. It felt real good to be called sir, especially since that boy was at least a year or two older than Joel. Now there was a boy who knew his place—a right smart boy.

“Understand?” Joel growled at the shaking dark-haired one.

“Yes,” the boy half whispered.

“Yes what?” Joel shouted, watching the boy jump, and liking it.



“Yes, sir!” the boy blurted, accenting the sir like some army private answering his sergeant.

Joel grinned, swaggering over to the kneeling boys, his boots scuffing on the stone as he drew up close to them. Both boys were at least as tall as Joel was, but kneeling there and shaking, they appeared to be two scared little kids. Joel enjoyed the sight of them, enjoyed feeling tall and powerful as he stood over them.

Mac was at his side, growling, pressing against his leg. Joel could feel the explosive tension in the dog’s body.

“Sit!” Joel ordered, waving his finger at the dog. “Now you sit there and don’t make a move unless I tell ya—hear?”

The dog whimpered a little, but sat on his haunches, his long tongue drooping and dripping.

Joel brought the toe of his right boot up under the brown balls of the dark-haired boy. He twisted his toe a little, applying pressure, watching the boy’s raisin like eyes bug out. The boy’s prick was still sticking straight up in the air, twitching as if a tongue were licking at his balls instead of a boot toe threatening to grind them off. Joel’s own cock swelled in his pants, fighting to break free. Joel wasn’t any pansy, but he always got off on the sight of another hard cock.

“All right, you faggy city boys, untie my boots.”

The boys sat back on their heels, each untying one of Joel’s boots. Their smooth, city boy hands trembled, and their big cocks pecked at their flat bellies.

“Now take ’em off.” Joel lifted his right foot. The dark-haired, raisin-eyed boy tugged, nearly falling over backwards as the boot slipped off.

“Now, the sock.”

The boy used the tips of his fingers, as if he didn’t want to touch Joel’s sock, as if it were contaminated.

“What’sa matter, pansy? You scared a my foot?” Joel’s big toe was sticking out of a hole in his gray sock, and Joel lifted his foot higher, first

stroking the boy's hot cock, then shoving his toe at the boy's purplish lips. "Take a suck, pansy. Take a suck at my toe."

The boy winced as Joel's big toe slipped between his hot lips and into his wet mouth.

"Suck it, baby. Give it a blow job."

The boy's eyes crossed as he sucked.

It felt great. Itchy sensations needled through Joel's big toe, spread through his foot and made him feel all prickly and relaxed. Joel felt the suck sensations not only in his toe, but up in his cock. He unsnapped his pants and pushed them down enough to let out his cock, in the process losing his balance and slapping his foot down. His big toe sounded like a cork unpopping from a jug as it jerked out of the boy's mouth.

Joel beat on his cock, stroking his prick slowly, slipping the foreskin back and forth over the glossy prickhead. His prickhead was so shiny that the sunshine reflected off. The sandy-haired boy's grayish-blue eyes followed the movements of Joel's hand.

"Now what you looking at, queer boy? You ain't never seen a uncut dong before?" He slipped the skin back and forth over the cockhead rapidly, making it squish from the sex-lube that had leaked out and had greased the head. "This here's a real man's cock. All the meat's still on it. All you city boys are pansies because you got meat missing from your dongs."

He chuckled, beating the fair-skinned boy all over the face with his wet dong, smearing sex-lube on the boy's nose and lips. "Lick it, you sexy-eyed bastard."

The boy gasped a little, licking quickly up and down Joel's cock. Joel pulled the foreskin back so the boy could clean off the cockhead.

The boy's wet tongue darted at Joel's prickhead. Joel rammed his cock between the boy's parted lips, felt the boy's tonsils quiver around his cockhead, felt the boy's nose press against his hairy groin. The boy choked, his white face going purple then white again. Joel yanked his cock out of the gagging youth's mouth, lifted his right foot to the other boy again.

"Didn't I tell you to haul my sock off?"

The dark-skinned boy pushed his hand up under the cuff of Joel's pants, gripped the top edge of the wool sock, and peeled it off.

Joel slapped his sweaty bare foot down on the rock, wincing for a moment at how hot it was from the sunshine. "All right, you, off with this boot and this sock." He lifted his left foot for the sandy-haired boy.

The boot came off, landing with a thump on the stone. Then the sock came off. Immediately, Mac was snarling and going for the sock, tearing it out of the boy's hand and nearly taking his hand off with it.

Joel swung his fist down, cracking the dog in the skull. "Damn you, hound! Didn't I tell you to sit still?"

The dog dropped the sock and lay down, putting his tan snout between his paws and peering up with watery eyes.

"I oughta ram my rifle under your tail and blow your nuts off for ripping my sock. Damn it! Who's gonna darn it now? Wrenny don't know darning worth a shit."

Joel leaned over, jerking his pants down and stepping out of them. He straightened up, putting his hands on his hips and kicking his pants away. His cock stood up in the sunshine, the hot breeze licking around it and up under his sweaty balls. He contracted his loin muscles a few times and flexed his cock, showing the two pansies what a real man looked like.

They watched his cock, bug-eyed, and that pleased him.

"All right, you two bastards, you're gonna give me a tongue-bath now, starting with my toes and working all the way up to my armpits. And after that one of ya's gonna suck me off while the other one eats out my ass."

He wiggled his toes. "Now get lickin'."

The sandy-haired boy went down immediately, crouching over Joel's left foot like a cat over a bowl of cream, and he began to lap at Joel's toes.

The dark-haired one wasn't so quick to respond. He half-scowled at Joel, biting his lower lip and trembling as if he were going to explode. He didn't appear quite so afraid and submissive anymore. He appeared to be getting angry.

“What are you waitin for, dark eyes—that hound to rip off your big nuts?”

The boy appeared to swell for a moment, like a balloon on the brink of exploding. Then he blew out his breath and fell forward, licking at Joel’s toes with a vengeance.

Joel wiggled his toes, enjoying the feeling of the wet tongues flicking over them and between them.

“Bite ’em a little. Suck ’em a little.” Joe’s cock bucked up and down from the stimulation to his toes. “Yeah, that’s it. You’re both doing real good. Now start moving up.”

The boys moved up, licking in unison, as if they’d rehearsed this. Their shiny-haired heads, one a sandy-blond, the other black as a crow’s feathers, bobbed and weaved as they nibbled and licked at Joel’s veined, sinewy in-steps. Moments later they were on their way up his legs, nibbling at his shins, going around back to his calves. The sandy-haired boy added something extra to the tongue-bath he was giving, using his fingers to massage Joel’s calves. The sandy-haired boy knew how to pleasure a man. He was a lot like Wrenny.

Joel spread his legs and braced himself as the boys slid up them as if they were shinnying up tree trunks. They went around and around his thighs now, biting and lapping at his tingling flesh, rubbing their faces into his muscles. The dark-haired boy watched the other boy, following his lead, imitating him. He too massaged Joel’s muscles now while he licked and nuzzled them, his breath coming hot and heavy as if he were getting off on what he was doing. Both boys’ hot cocks pressed hard against Joel’s legs, throbbing rhythmically, and Joel’s own cock responded by twitching up and down.

“All right, you babies, now lick under them big nuts. Clean ’em up real good.” Joel spread his legs even wider as the two boys buried their flushed faces under his hairy nuts. “Oh, yeah, suck them fat fuckers. Ooh!”

The boys munched on the tender flesh all around and under Joel’s pulsating balls, sucking and nipping at the skin, lapping with their fat wet tongues.

“Ah, lick them hot nuts! Ooooh!” Joel couldn’t help but wiggle his ass as the tongues flapped at his balls. His balls seemed to swell up like large plums that were fermenting inside, the gases of fermentation ballooning them until they were fit to explode. “Oooh, yeahh!”

It was a pretty sight—they two pansy city boys eating away at his balls like a couple babies sucking at their momma’s tits. They were damn good ball-lickers, just as good as Wrenny, just as good as some of the valley cunts he’d let have a taste of his mountain man balls. The two boys looked drunk, their eyes hazy and wobbly—those dark raisin eyes of the black-haired one and those grayish-blue eyes of the sandy-haired one—and in a strange way they both looked kind of pretty. These queer boys were like that, though—kind of pretty, a little bit girlish in the face. Watching the two boys lick his balls, Joel realized now that it wasn’t just the fair one who had Wrenny’s seductive eyes, but the dark one as well.

Joel used his open hands to push their heads away from balls. “OK, now up the belly.” Joel raised his arms and clasped his hands behind his head.

He intentionally contracted the muscles of his abdomen, making them shift and dance under his thin belly skin. He flexed his biceps, showing these pansies what a real man looked like.

The boys seemed to sigh in unison. Joel couldn’t be sure, but he thought he heard both boys let out a barely audible sigh as they began to slide up his body and lick their way over his quivering muscles. They were sure panting loud enough. And their tongues slurped, their heads weaving. Joel felt as if he were being licked by a dozen wet tongues instead of only two. The tongues went all over his abdomen and flanks. The boys circled around back, sucking and licking his back, rubbing their downy cheeks at his ass. Then they slid around to his front again—one on each side—and they buried their noses and lips in his sweat trickling armpits.

“Ooooooooooh!” Joel sighed. “Yeah! You pansies love the sweat of a real man, doncha? Ah, lick them hot pits. Chew on that sweaty hair.”

The boys were on their feet now, their faces pressed under Joel’s upraised arms, their legs wrapped around his legs, their arms around him, their sweaty bellies glued to his flanks, their hard cocks humping at his

hips. Joel's cock pointed straight at the glaring blue sky, feeling as big as an arm and as hard and hot as the sun-baked stone under his bare feet.

For a moment his arms almost went around the boys' necks. For a moment he wanted to hug them, to cradle their warm heads, to inhale the scent of their silky hair. For just a moment he felt an almost overwhelming love for these two boys who were worshipping him, who were devouring him. But then he caught himself.

Jesus Christ, what was happening? Was he turning queer or something?

Jesus Christ, next thing, he'd be taking Wrenny up to the woods and French-kissing him as if he were some kind of girl or something! He twisted away from the two armpit suckers.

"All right, down on your knees, you queer bastards. Pleasure my cock. Pleasure my ass."

The boys drifted to their knees, both going for his cock. One on each side of his cock, they began to lick and suck his prick. He watched them with fascination as they slid up and down his cock, their mouths wrapped around the sides of his prick, their noses pressed together. Their hot tongues slid up and down the bottom of his cock while their upper lips slid up and down the top. It was as if they were kissing each other while their mouths were wrapped around his cockshaft, one on each side.

He pushed them off. "You, blondie, get around back and start sucking my shitter. And you, raisin-eyes, swallow down that big fucker and suck it off."

The sandy-haired kid got down behind him almost before he'd finished speaking. The kid spread apart his asscheeks and shoved his lips and nose between them as if he were a starving fox going for some fresh meat. The kid groaned, his nose sliding up and down Joel's asscrack, his wet tongue lapping the entire asscleft from crotch to lower back. Then the kid was sucking his asspucker, chewing, probing with the pointed tip of his tongue. The kid twisted his tongue this way and that, rimming Joel's tingling asspucker.

Joel wiggled his ass, enjoying the ass-job the fair-skinned kid was giving him. "Hey, raisin eyes, what you waiting for? Eat that big dong before I fuck the shit outta your throat." He gripped the kid by the ears and

fucked his cock into the kid's mouth. The kid wasn't really resisting, he just didn't seem as enthusiastic now about cock-sucking as he had when he and his pansy buddy were going at Joel's cock together.

Joel stuffed his cock all the way into the boy's mouth, his prickhead lodging in the boy's throat, his fat balls hanging against the boy's smooth chin. "There, now suck that hot meat!"

The dark-haired kid gagged, his face turning purple for a few moments, his dark eyes getting wide and panicky. Pulling on the boy's ears, Joel jerked his head back, then fucked back into the boy's throat. The boy choked again and Joel pushed his head back to give him air. The kid sucked in breath around Joel's cock, spit drooling from his mouth and dripping off Joel's cock and balls.

"OK, raisin-eyes, you gonna behave now and pleasure that dong or you want me to fuck the face off ya?"

The boy's lips tightened, his tongue flapped at the underside of Joel's prickhead, his head began to bob. Joel let go of the boy's ears, placed his hands on his hips, then wiggled his loins as if he were doing a slow hula dance. He took almost as much pleasure in the sight of the boy's pretty face moving up and down on his cock as he did in the sensations the boy's lips and tongue were evoking.

Now this is living, he said to himself. This is real pleasure.

He stretched, pushed his arms high above his head, reaching up, lengthening his spine, feeling his vertebrae separate. He felt as if fingers of sunshine and wind were caressing his front, his back, his flanks. The sandy-haired boy's tongue twisted between the rings of his tight asspucker, screwing like a wet finger up into his asshole.

Joel gasped. "Hey, that's real nice. Man, keep licking out that shitter. Ooh, real good! Christ!"

That sandy-haired boy was one Goddamned expert ass-sucker. Shit, he was as good as Wrenny, maybe even better. And this dark haired boy face-fucking his cock wasn't that bad a cock-sucker, either. He wasn't as good as Wrenny, but he was better than a lot of the valley chicks Joel had had munching on his blood-engorged fucker.

“Suck that big prick, you hot-lipped little queer. Ah, suck that man-dong!” He fucked at the kid’s face, admiring the way the kid’s spongy lips stretched out around his cock as he pulled out, and inverted themselves as he pushed in. The boy’s lips looked just like a set of blood-flushed cuntlips, or like Wrenny’s swollen little shit pucker, and the boy’s mouth and throat were just as wet and hot as any asshole or cunt Joel had ever fucked. “Use that tongue, raisin-eyes. Lick the head. Come on, lick the head. Get that tongue up under the skin. Clean it out, queer boy. That’s it, lick it out real good.”

The boy’s hot tongue had wedged its way between the rubbery foreskin and the cockhead, and now it was wriggling like a worm, pleasuring Joel’s sensitive cockhead, licking out the foreskin. The tongue traveled around to the backside of the prickhead, stimulating the supersensitive flesh there. Joel arched his back and rise up and down on his toes. The pleasure was so intense that he had to bite his lips to keep from going crazy and bellowing like a fool.

“Oh, suck that big fucking cock!” he muttered. “Lick out that ass, suck out that ass!”

The sandy-haired boy was doing a real job on his ass. It felt as if the kid’s tongue were six inches long and as if the tip of it were darting at nerves in the pit of his belly. The boy’s tongue twisted relentlessly from side to side while at the same time the tip probed every sensitive fold and crevice of Joel’s asshole. Joel felt as if he had a hot snake up his ass, and he thought that if a cock up his shitter could make him feel as good as this boy’s tongue was making him feel, well then he’d turn queer right here and now and let both these big cocked pansies fuck the shit out of him. But he knew that a cock up the asshole felt a hell of a lot different than a tongue—it hurt like hell—so he thanked the Lord above that he wasn’t a queer boy.

“Suck that shitter, you ass-licking pansy. Oh, Christ!” Joel felt the prickling, itchy sensations all the way up his spine and all the way down into his toes. The ass-sucker’s tongue had hit a nerve or something, and Joel thought he was going to take off like a rocket. “Do that again, baby. Jab that place again with your tongue. Uh, oh, shit!”

The boy knew just where to thrust his tonguetip to pleasure Joel the most. He could hardly believe it—it felt so fucking good. The boy’s tongue



twisted, flapped, probed, filed against that spot in his asshole that felt so good, and Joel experienced the strange sensation that his asshole was swelling up inside, or that a part of his ass was swelling up. It was as if a knot of pleasure were getting bigger and bigger and tighter and tighter in his asshole while the boy's hot, electric tongue squeezed and kneaded and filed that knot faster and harder. Joel thought he was going to lose his mind.

"Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, fucking shit!" He fucked his cock in and out of the dark-haired boy's throat, not caring if he broke the kid's nose or jaw. The feelings shooting through his cock were like jets of volcanic lava. His balls pulled up tight against his crotch, feeling as if they were going to be sucked up right through his cock. The dark haired boy's hot spit dripped off his hairy balls. Joel gazed down into the dark-haired boy's wobbling eyes and the seductive expression he saw deep down in them would have been enough to suck the jism out of Joel even had his cock not been lodged in the kid's hot throat. "Oh, oh, ahhhh, Christ!"

Joel's cum shot out of him with such force that he was surprised that the dark-haired kid's head didn't explode before his very eyes. He felt the orgasmic sensations in his lips and nipples and toes with almost the same intensity that he experienced in his cock and asshole. The sandy-haired kid's tongue made his asshole feel so good while he was coming that Joel wished now that he had a big hot cock shoved up his ass instead of a tongue.

"Ohhh, shit! Ohhh, fuck! Take that jizz! Suck it out, man! Eat every drop! Ahh!"

The dark-haired kid was choking and gagging, his face as purple as an excited prickhead, his eyes swimming, his Adam's apple bobbing away as he tried to swallow Joel's load of hot jism. Joel fired again and again with such rapidity that the kid couldn't possibly swallow all the cum squirting from Joel's cock. He continued to choke, Joel's thick cum bubbling out around his thin stretched lips and dripping off his chin.

Joel continued to fuck his cock in and out as he spurted, squirting some cum directly down the kid's throat, blasting some against his tonsils or the roof of his mouth. He had to grab the kid by the ears again for his own support and to keep the kid from losing a mouth-grip on his cum-slick, bucking cock. Joel's orgasm lasted about ten seconds, fifteen at the most,

but to Joel it seemed as if he shot forever, and he thought he was going to cry from the almost painful intensity before it was over.

When his orgasm was finally over, he kicked the two pansies away from him and collapsed between them on the sun-broiled stone that formed the enclosing walls of the spring pool. His skin tingled all over, every inch of it, and he felt so exhausted he didn't care whether he ever got up. He glanced over at Mac, thankful the big coonhound was here to guard over these two city pansies. Right now, feeling as weak as he did, he wouldn't have been able to handle even Wrenny in a wrestling match.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Perry, at the moment, really didn't care whether he lived or died. In fact, this whole situation was so incredible that he wondered whether he wasn't dead already. Maybe he had died and gone to hell. It was sure hot enough in these woods, and he was feeling enough pain. Sharp pebbles and twigs gouged at the soles of his bare feet repeatedly as he trudged through the woods behind Ken, and he could tell by the way Ken was limping that Ken's feet were in no better shape than his own. And sweat kept running off his forehead and burning his eyes like acid tears. His forelocks were dripping and stringy now, hanging nearly to the tip of his nose, and half the time he couldn't see where he was going. He tossed his head, for the thousandth time flicking the hair out of his eyes. He felt like screaming, felt like whirling around and, telling that hillbilly boy that he wasn't going a step farther—without a rest and a drink of water, but then his gaze fell on Ken's beautiful smooth contracting asscheeks, and all his pain and discomfort became strangely pleasurable.

His cock quivered, wagging heavily from side to side as he paced down the trail. He couldn't remember when he'd ever felt this fucking sexy. Even in his wildest fantasies he'd never felt this excited. Here he was being marched naked through the woods by a muscular, sweaty young hillbilly, a boy who had forced him to suck ass. And there in front of him marched Ken, his, brother slave. What would become of them, he didn't know. They might end up dying in these woods. But if they died together, that wouldn't really be so bad.

Perry imagined himself and Ken in a naked embrace, mouths joined, tongues down each other's throat, throbbing cocks spurting between their bellies.

Then he imagined that hillbilly kid putting a bullet through their hearts. They would die instantly, and in ecstasy. The fantasy vision caused his cock to flex up and point straight at the sky between the treetops. Perry felt so horny that he thought he might be able to bring on an orgasm with his imagination alone. His cock would spontaneously go into spasms. White streams of jism would spurt out, splashing against Ken's brown ass. He'd

stumble, slow down, his legs rubbery from his pleasure, but that hillbilly kid would jab him in the ass with the cold barrel of that rifle, ordering him to keep going. He'd groan with weakness and pleasure, his cock firing ropes of jism, his body quivering, but he'd stagger on—being the helpless slave that he was.

Funny, but he had never been into the slave scene. He knew that some guys got off on the idea of being a slave, had known boys in his high school who had bragged that they had masters. Some had even tried to persuade Perry to tie them up and to use them however he wanted to. He could give them any order, and they would obey, he had told him. He'd only smiled, thinking it was all a joke, all a lot of game-playing and foolishness. He couldn't imagine getting off on such pretending, either in the master role or the slave role. But now, suddenly thrust into the real thing—a situation that was anything but stimulated pretending—he was finding himself more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. His excitement surely had something to do with Ken marching naked in front of him, but it also had to do with the situation itself—he was a slave, a naked slave with the taste and scent of his master's sweaty ass on his lips and nose, and he was being forced to march through woods he didn't know, toward an unknown destination, and it was damned exciting.

Sunlight blatted into the forest up ahead, where the trail apparently, left the woods temporarily and passed through a clearing, or where it ended. The black coonhound with the tan face and paws started yipping as he bounded out into the sunshine up ahead, then disappeared as if he'd jumped off a cliff at the edge of the woods.

Perry's bowels twinged with anxiety as he sensed that they'd just about arrived at their destination, and he slowed his pace to nervously readjust the pack on his back. The icy end of the steel rifle-barrel twisted between his asscheeks.

"Now just keep movin there, pansy ass, unless you want a hot slug up your shitter."

Perry scampered forward, almost colliding with Ken. "How you doing?" he whispered around the edge of Ken's red backpack.

"I'm scared," Ken half whimpered. "God, Perry, I'm scared."

“I’ll take care of you,” Perry whispered.

“Shut up, you fuck heads!” the hillbilly bellowed. “Don’t go making any fancy plans. And get movin’ before you both feel the toe of my boot on your skinny asses.”

They plunged out into the sunshine.

Perry squinted, hardly able to see anything at first. The sunshine drilled at him like hot needles, but the breeze out here in the open immediately began to dry the sweat on his face. It was definitely hotter out here in the sun, but now that they were out of the stagnant air of the thick forest, Perry was able to breathe more easily and he felt cooler.

They were up on a hillside at the edge of the woods. Green fields, splashed all over with the whites and yellows of a million early-summer flowers, swept down to a flat hollow where a small white-gray house sat near an old gray barn. A few smaller buildings, sheds and an outhouse, were set around the farmyard. Off to the left side, two human figures that looked no larger than ants from this distance, were working in a rectangular area of black earth—a garden. The coonhound was bounding through the open field, halfway down the hill now, his yapping echoing distantly.

“Ain’t another farm or cabin within seven miles in any direction,” the hillbilly said with a satisfied tone. “So don’t get any ideas that you can run for help. Now get your asses wiggling down that hill.”

The grass and plants were almost knee-high, but they followed a narrow trail down toward the farm. The ground was spongy, the grass as soft as hair under Perry’s feet. His feet felt massaged, soothed, the warm earth sucking away the itch and burn of cuts and bruises.

Down below, the dog had reached the garden and was running circles around the two figures. The figures turned and looked toward them. Then one of the two broke away and started trotting out of the garden and up the hill. From this distance Perry couldn’t be sure, but it appeared that the figure coming toward them was a long-haired blond girl, her hair flying in the breeze behind her. It was hard to believe, but it looked as if the girl wasn’t wearing any pants, just a long white T-shirt that hung to her groin.

Perry peered around the edge of his backpack and shot a questioning glance at the hillbilly. The hillbilly was grinning.

“Better watch out,” the hillbilly said. “That little bitch trotting up this way is a man-eater.” He waved the rifle barrel at Perry, and Perry swung back around.

They were descending fast, and, the closer to the hollow they got, the more mountains Perry could see surrounding them. Mountains upon mountains closed them in. Perry had no idea where they were—just that they were somewhere in the southern Appalachians, either in his home state of Tennessee or in adjacent North Carolina.

The figure coming up the trail turned out not be not a girl, but a slender young boy without any pants on. A hard cock about six inches long jutted up from under the bottom edge of his dirty white T-shirt, the only clothing the boy was wearing. The boy’s hair was a shiny yellow-blond, and it fell all the way to his waist. Perry had never seen hair this long on a boy, and he found it attractive. Two other things were striking about the boy—his aquamarine eyes, like shined jade marbles, and his perfect white teeth, which looked dazzling in contrast to his richly tanned skin. The boy’s tanned skin was as dark if not darker, than the natural olive skin of Ken. Perry didn’t usually go for boys this young, but this particular boy was a real turn-on.

“Hi, you guys,” the kid said, slowing to a walk and panting heavily as he neared them. “Hey, Joel, who are these guys?”

“None of your business,” Joel snapped. “You’ll find out when I report to pa.”

The boy stuck out his tongue at Joel, then smiled coquettishly at Ken.

“How long you guys plan to stay?”

Ken started to stutter.

“Keep movin’, you bastards! Wrenny, you keep away from them or I’ll kick your ass.” Joel lunged past Perry at Wrenny, and Wrenny danced away, squealing with delight. “I mean it, you peckerhead!”

Wrenny trotted backwards, his six-inch prick snapping up and down. “You guys got big cocks. I like that.” He grinned, darting his glinting blue-green eyes back and forth between Ken and Perry.

“Shut up!” Joel growled. “Why don’t you go bury yourself somewhere?”

Wrenny gripped his T-shirt by the bottom edge and whipped it off over his head with a quick upward jerk of his arms. It slid down his long yellow hair and drifted to the ground behind him. He snatched it up, waving it over his head and dancing like an elf. The boy was certainly no more than five feet tall, and every inch of his smooth body was tanned deep bronze, including the shaft of his cock. His uncircumcised cockhead was pink, along with his tight-stretched, fully extended foreskin. He danced in circles, wiggling a set of brown buns no larger than grapefruits.

Ken stumbled while trying to walk and watch the boy at the same time.

Joel cursed Ken, cursed Wrenny, then went charging at the ass-wiggling boy. As the boy danced effortlessly away from him, Joel fired the rifle at the sky.

Wrenny shrieked and went bounding through the tall grass like a young deer. Joel cursed him, then guffawed to himself and fired the gun again.

Wrenny tripped, tumbled head-over-heels, bounced up, and streaked down the hill as if his ankles had wings on them.

Wrenny stood behind a muscular, shirtless man, peering around the man’s hip, when the three of them arrived in the yard in front of the house.

The man’s serious frown added to his already-wild appearance—grayish-brown hair standing up in all directions around his head, a grizzled face with many of its stubbly whiskers turned gray, a shaggy-haired chest and abdomen, the heavy muscles of his shoulders and arms and torso rippling with thick veins. The man placed his enormous sinewy hands on his hips and regarded Perry and Ken in silence for a few moments.

“Joel, I believe you’ve got yourself some explaining to do? Who the hell are these naked, pack-toting young bucks? And why in the hell’re you pointing that firearm at ’em?”

“Trespassers, Pa. Caught ’em up there by the spring.”

The man paced slowly around them like an army sergeant inspecting his troops. “Trespassers, eh?” he mumbled. “I never did take too kindly to trespassers.”

“We didn’t realize we were trespassing, sir,” Perry said. “We thought we were on public land.”

The man glared at him with a pair of gray, wolfish eyes set under a pair of thick eyebrows. “Don’t matter none where it was you thought you was, boy—you was trespassing. The law’s the law. Don’t you know about the law, boy? It don’t matter none if you know the law or if you don’t know you’re breaking it when you’re breaking it. You break it and you’re guilty. That’s the law, boy. Just because you don’t know you’re breaking it when you’re breaking it, that don’t mean nothing—you’s guilty just the same.”

Perry opened his mouth, ready to protest further, but then he closed it again. It wouldn’t do any good to argue with the man. Arguing would be a waste of breath. He could tell by the expression on the grizzled man’s face that the man wouldn’t be swayed by anything Perry could say. The man was hoping that Perry would protest—it would make his little game that much more fun.

“Now tell me, you trespassers, what are your names?”

Perry told him. Ken tried to say his own name, but all he could manage was a whisper. Perry had never seen Ken really scared before, and the sight of his buddy standing there shaky and sick-looking made Perry want to cradle him. Strange, but throughout their friendship it had always been Ken who was the strong one, the leader, but now suddenly their roles had reversed. If Ken didn’t collapse sobbing, or actually faint before much more time passed, Perry would be surprised.

“Kenny and Perry. Now ain’t them pretty names?” The wolfish man paced around them, looking them up and down. He stood in front of them and suddenly twanged both their stiff cocks with his earth-blackened fingers.

“Right pretty.”

Perry found it hard to believe that throughout this entire ordeal so far he hadn’t lost his hard-on, and neither had Ken, which was even more difficult to believe. In his own case his hard-on was at least half due to sexual excitement—excitement over Ken, over what had happened at the spring, over being naked in the open air, over being held captive.



Some of his excitement was undoubtedly due to fear, and undoubtedly much of Ken's excitement was likewise the result of fear. Perry wished he knew, however, how much of Ken's excitement was the result of more than nervousness, wished he knew whether Ken was turned on by being naked and held captive, and whether he'd been turned on by Perry's massage and by sucking the hillbilly boy's uncut cock.

"Joel," the man said, "looks like you've done caught us some fine game. Nice meat. Real nice meat."

"I thought you'd like 'em, Pa." Joel grinned proudly.

"I like 'em too, Pa," Wrenny said, licking his full young lips as he eyed first Ken's cock, then Perry's.

"You'd like a hunk a shit if it had a dong on it," said Joel with a scowl.

"Now, Joel, watch that tongue of yours." The man slid his large sweaty hands down and cupped Ken's balls in his left hand and Perry's balls in his right. "Welcome to the Fenton homestead," the man said, his eyes glinting, the corners of his mouth curling with a wry smile. "I'm Saul Fenton. It's my land you've been trespassing on. Now I personally'd just as soon let you go. But then we got the law to consider, the law says that law-breakers gotta be taught a lesson so's they won't break the law again." His grip on their balls tightened and Ken gasped. "Being governor of my land, I hereby find you two young 'uns guilty of trespassing in the first degree, and I hereby sentence you both to the Fenton prison until such time as I deem you be hung, shot, or set free. Case dismissed."

Ken shook so hard that Perry had to grab him and hug him to keep him on his feet.

"Joel, put down that danged rifle of yours and help that boy off with his pack. I believe that hike down from the spring has about tuckered him out."

"Yes, Pa." While Joel yanked open the belt of Ken's pack and hauled it off his shoulders, Saul helped Perry off with his pack.

The hairy man dropped the pack, and suddenly Perry found himself wrapped in the man's muscular arms, Saul's sweaty hot chest and abdomen heaving against his back, the hardness of Saul's man-cock throbbing against his ass through Saul's pants.

Saul nuzzled Perry's neck and behind his ear. "Ain't you the pretty one! I believe you and me's gonna get on together real good." He humped against Perry's ass, and Perry shivered.

Perry felt himself weakening in the man's arms. His cock flexed up and down. He found the roughness of the man, the hairiness and sweatiness, the strength exciting. Had he been alone with the man, and were he not facing a stunned-looking Ken, he would have groaned and let himself go limp in the man's rough embrace. Take me! his mind begged. Ravish me! He hoped Ken couldn't sense that he was almost delirious with pleasure.

"Leave him alone," Ken said, his tone angry and timid.

"Now don't you go getting your pretty self all riled, Kenny honey. I ain't gonna give your buddy here nothing except what he's begging for."

Saul licked Perry's neck.

Ken flushed, his chest swelling. His strength was returning. He was fascinating to watch—going from shivering timidity one moment to seething anger the next. He suddenly appeared ready to take on the entire clan of Fentons, including their hound, who was still circling them, growling and sniffing.

"Let him go," Ken said, his voice steady for the first time since the arrival of Joel Fenton on the scene back there in the woods.

Perry found himself being thrown aside. He caught himself before tumbling over the back of the growling coonhound, then turned just in time to see Saul Fenton sweep Ken off the ground as if Ken were a fifty-pound little boy instead of an athlete. Ken disappeared in Saul's arms, becoming nothing but flying brown arms and legs as he tried to fight his way free.

But Saul was a grizzly bear. While Ken yelled curses, Saul chuckled coolly, hauling the thrashing youth across the yard with easy strides.

"Wrenny, open this here door," Saul said, then, stepped over the threshold of the weathered gray woodshed and disappeared inside as Wrenny scampered out of the way.

There was a thump. Saul reappeared outside, slammed the door behind him, and rammed a small rusted horseshoe into the lock staple in place of a padlock. Ken banged on the door and rattled it for a few moments, then

quieted down immediately as if he suddenly realized that he was getting nowhere.

Saul swaggered across the yard, grinning to himself, his shoulders, arms, and chest pumped up and slightly flushed. The crotch bulge of his dirty trousers looked as big as a grapefruit. Wrenny trotted along at his side, hard cock wagging like a tail.

“You showed him, Pa,” Wrenny said.

“Want me to go in there and take a belt to him, Pa?” Joel said.

Saul shook his head. “Boy, why don’t you just calm yourself down. Go put that gun away, then get out in the garden and do some work.”

“Work? Pa, I been traipsin’ in them woods for hours. I’m thirsty and hungry.”

“Good. Then get yourself, some food and drink, and when you’ve done et and drank, get out in that garden.”

Joel snatched up his rifle and trudged toward the house muttering to himself. “Fine way to thank a man,” Perry heard the boy say. Joel pushed open the door, then kicked it shut behind him, nearly chopping off the nose of the coonhound who had tried to slip in behind him. The hound got up on the door, scratching at it with his forepaws and whimpering.

Saul put his big arm around Perry’s shoulders. “Come on, pretty boy. You and me’s got some business to attend to.”

They walked off behind the house, where the ground rose abruptly and the forest started again. They passed a grave before they entered the woods, which Wrenny went out of his way to hurdle, then glanced at Perry and Saul for approval.

“Frisky little shit, ain’t he?” Saul said, and Perry chuckled nervously.

What was happening was too weird to understand. Perry didn’t know what to think or feel. All he knew for sure was that he was excited. His cock was standing up at better than an angle, the skin stretched so tight that he was afraid it might split.

Within a few minutes of entering the woods, and after ascending a narrow trail, they came to a sunny clearing through which ran a small creek.

The clearing was like a small terrace on the hillside, a flat, mossy, sun-filled area. The moment Perry's feet sank into the cushiony moss, Saul tripped him and he went down flat on his back. Wrenny was on him immediately, rubbing all over him belly-to-belly, prick-to-prick. The boy was panting, trying to shove his tongue down Perry's throat. Perry let him.

The last time Perry had made out with a boy this young was when he'd been a boy this young himself. His sex partners since he'd begun sucking cock in junior high school had always been boys of roughly his own age. He'd never made love with a boy more than a year or two younger than himself.

Now here he was with Wrenny.

He stroked Wrenny's velvety hot back, feeling the boy's supple muscles squirm under his hands. The boy's spine was as flexible as a whip. He juggled the boy's tiny asscheeks, enjoying the feel of their rubbery tightness, amazed at how small they were. He got some fingers into the boy's asscleft, amazed further by the heat and wetness between the boy's asscheeks.

"Wanna fuck me?" Wrenny asked, rubbing noses with Perry, his blue-green eyes gazing into Perry's eyes and melting him.

He nipped with his lips the young boy's snub, freckled nose. "Are you kidding me?"

"Heck no. Put your fat prick in me, will ya?"

Perry had never heard of a boy whose groin was still naked getting fucked, of wanting to be fucked! Perry's cock sizzled, needles of fire shooting through its core. He twisted his middle finger into the boy's seething asshole. Shit, this boy was burning up with passion. Perry swallowed, waves of heat washing through his own body. The thought of shoving his cock into that hot, tight, wiggling chicken ass was almost more than he could stand.

"Oh, Wrenny!" he moaned. "Jesus, baby!"

"All right, hot nuts, you just sit over here and let yourself cool off for awhile." Saul was standing over them, Wrenny's tiny waist in the grip of his two hands. He lifted the squirming boy off Perry as easily as if the boy were

a feather pillow, then tossed him into the moss about five feet away. Wrenny landed on all fours like a cat, then rolled onto his back, groaning and beating on his six-inch pecker.

Saul lifted his foot and stroked down the underside of Perry's cock with his bare toes. Perry's cock flexed up off his belly and against the man's moist foot. He writhed as if by reflex, gazing up drunkenly at the stark naked man.

Master, Perry thought. Oh, Master! He writhed against the moss, groaning with pleasure and frustration as the big man grinned down at him and continued to masturbate Perry's cock and to caress his balls with his huge toes. Saul's cock was actually no bigger than his own, between seven and seven-and-a-half inches, but from down here on the ground the man's prick appeared much larger, like a big salami jutting out of the man's hairy groin. Like his two sons' pricks, Saul's cock was uncut, and even in hardness his foreskin sheathed part of his prickhead. In this way Saul's cock was more like Joel's than Wrenny's—Wrenny's foreskin stretched out tight during a hard-on, giving his uncut prick a circumcised appearance, while both Saul's and Joel's foreskins were longer and looser, able to be worked back and forth over part of their cockheads even during a hard-on. Perry gazed up at the big uncut man-cock, his heart sledge hammering his chest, his mouth watering.

“My, ain't you the excited one,” Saul said, rubbing his foot up Perry's belly. He paused at Perry's nipples, catching the hard flubs between his toes and milking them.

Perry groaned, his breath coming fast and heavy. His nipples sizzled between the man's toes, hardened almost painfully. Thrills from his nipples shot directly to his cock.

Saul grinned, his big cock throbbing. A gob of thick fuck-lube oozed from Saul's piss hole and dripped off onto Perry's cheek, gluing itself there like a splash of hot wax. Saul smeared the gob of sex-lube with his big toe, then rubbed his lube-greased toe across Perry's lips. Perry's lips and entire mouth itched with thrills. Twisting his head, moaning deliriously, Perry sucked the warm fuck-lube off the hillbilly's big toe.

Then he opened his mouth wide and swallowed all the hot toes of Saul's right foot, licking between them, sucking them, grating them up and down with the edges of his front teeth.

"Take a look over here, Wrenny, ain't that a pretty sight?"

"Shit, Pa, it sure is. Feels real good, don't it?"

"Sure does, boy. Goddamn, if he ain't just as hungry for toes as you are, Wrenny. Ain't he a pretty boy?"

"He sure is, Pa, and his feet are just as big as yours."

Perry gasped as suddenly the toes of his own right foot were enveloped in the hot wetness of Wrenny's mouth. Thrills shot up his leg, and made his balls crawl as if fingers were running all over them, made his prick flex up and down and quiver.

"Wrenny, I thought I told you to stay over there and cool off."

Wrenny mumbled something around Perry's toes, his tone whining. His tongue darted with surprising deftness between Perry's toes, moving from one side of Perry's foot to the other. Perry's entire right leg felt rubbery and tingly.

"Oh, shit, boy, I can see there's not a danged thing I can do with ya. Have your fun, but don't you be getting in my way—hear?"

Wrenny gibbered something as he quickly moved over to Perry's left foot to suck and lick the toes and foot flesh there. Saul, meanwhile, straddled Perry's head with his two big feet, then squatted down as if he were going to crap on Perry's face. Perry watched with stunned fascination as the man's, heavy cock and balls came toward him. He could see the man's hairy ass, watched with near disbelief as the man's spread asscheeks neared his face. The scent of sweaty balls and ass was almost potent enough to knock Perry out. He inhaled deeply, his head becoming light with the virile scent.

Saul squatted there, his balls hanging in Perry's face, his huge cock flexing up and down. "Well, whatcha waiting for, young feller—a hand-writ invite? Get licking."

Perry didn't have to be asked again. This was the feast of a lifetime—the big cum-filled balls of a mountain man, hairy and sweaty, moving slowly in their sac like a couple of prowling sharks. Perry flatted his tongue out wide and started lapping at the big hairy balls. Immediately, he was panting so hard that he was in danger of passing out. He grabbed his cock, pumping furiously. He groaned, sucking the big man's musky balls. His head lifted, neck muscles straining like thick ropes, and he nuzzled all around Saul's hot balls, driving his nose into the darkness between them and Saul's thighs, inhaling the aroma, sucking the sweaty flesh. Suddenly he was aware of a hot wet tongue licking all around and under his own swollen balls. Wrenny had burrowed between his own thighs and was giving his balls a tongue-bath.

Saul's big hand closed around his lube dripping cock and he began to work the meaty foreskin back and forth over the shiny, swollen prickhead. He waddled forward a few inches, hairy ankles brushing Perry's ears, and he lowered his moist asscleft to Perry's lips. "Lick that ass, you hungry little buck. Suck on that shithole."

Perry performed a neat wrestler's bridge getting his head in position so he could lick Saul's hairy ass. He went up high with his tongue, licking the top of Saul's asscrack, then lapped down the entire length, his tongue lingering over Saul's tight shit-pucker before he continued down to suck at Saul's bottom.

Saul gasped as Perry munched on his ass, then gasped again as Perry moved up and fucked his tongue into Saul's asshole. "Oh shit, oh fuck!"

Perry twisted his tongue up Saul's shithole as deep as he could. He could feel Saul's pulse beat against his tongue, could feel Saul's asshole contracting rhythmically like a mouth sucking his tongue.

"Jesus Christ!" Saul shot up off Perry's tongue.

He stood above Perry for a moment, then stepped away from him, his still hand gripping his cock so tightly that his knuckles were white. His wide eyes were on the gaping piss slit of his cock, and he was holding his breath. A few drops of watery, cloudy fuck-juice shot out and splatted down on Perry's chest. Saul winced, hunched his shoulders, became still as a rock for a moment, then released his cock and dropped his shoulders with a sigh.

“Oh, fuck, that was a close one. You almost tongue-fucked the cum outta me, you horny little bastard.” He glanced over at Wrenny, who was biting and licking at Perry’s fist, trying to get at his cock. “Jesus Christ, young’un, you look like a starved pup. You want a taste of some meat, do ya? Well, then I’ll oblige you with some. Perry, sweetheart, turn yourself over so’s we can get an eyeful of your pretty hindquarters. Then get up on your hands and knees and wave your ass like a cock starved bitch. Wrenny’s gonna lube up your shithole with his tongue.”

Perry’s asshole throbbed with a tingly fire as he positioned himself on his hands and knees on the bed of soft warm moss. He leaned down onto his elbows and arched his back so he could get his ass as high and upturned as possible. The rays of hot sunshine danced on his ass like needles. The hot wind took tongue-swipes at his parted asscleft. He hadn’t had a tongue up his ass in months—nor a cock, for that matter—and his asshole was near to convulsing inside with sudden need and anticipation.

“Ain’t that just about the prettiest ass you ever seen?” Saul said.

“Sure is, Pa.”

“Wet and pink and just a few twinkling yeller hairs. Go to it, boy. Lube it up real good for your old man.”

Wrenny attacked Perry’s ass with his teeth, biting all over Perry’s asscheeks before plunging his face between them and slobbering all up and down the cleft with his fat young tongue. The boy moaned and sighed as he ate ass, twisting his nose against Perry’s shit pucker, then pressing into Perry’s asshole with his pointed tongue. The boy gave a rim-job unlike any Perry had ever experienced. Perry’s thought amidst his moans of pleasure was that Wrenny ought to give Perry’s gay high school friends lessons in rimming. The boy’s tongue was nimble, masterful. As it wriggled up into Perry’s asshole, it went straight for his prostate gland, prodding and drilling for a few seconds and making Perry sure that he was going to lose his load. Then, at the last possible moment, the boy’s tongue slipped deeper into Perry’s asshole, licking out the folds and crevices, drooling into Perry’s ass, lubricating his asshole.

“All right, boy, that oughta do it,” Saul said. “I said, that oughta do it. Varmint!”



Perry glanced over his shoulder to see Saul snatch Wrenny up and away.

Saul dropped the boy as if he were dropping a pillow, then went to his knees behind Perry, his dripping cock throbbing and flushed. He spat in his hand, then lubed his prick. He spat again, slapped more spit on his cock, then rubbed his greased fingers up and down Perry's asscrack. His middle finger suddenly slipped into Perry's ass, and Perry gasped. Saul yanked his finger out and pushed his cock up against Perry's slightly open shit pucker.

"Hold on, young feller, I'm gonna bugger your hole now." Saul gripped Perry's slender loins, pulled back with his arms, thrust forward with his cock. The big cock slipped in a few inches. The prickhead was in, and Perry could feel Saul's cock throbbing.

"Oh, God!" Perry grunted. The stretch was almost more than he could take.

His asshole was out of practice. His open pucker felt like splitting.

Saul thrust again, fucking his cock in a few more inches.

Perry took quick breaths, trying to relax. "Oh God, oh please, shit!"

Saul fucked his cock in to the hilt, his hairy belly pressing hot and bristly against Perry's smooth ass.

"Awww, maaannn!" Perry moaned, his back covered with goosebumps. "Ohh, shit!" His own cock throbbed, beating against his belly. The feeling of being filled with hot cock was marvelous. There was nothing in the world like being ass-fucked; Perry forced his naked ass hard against Saul's furry abdomen, wiggling his ass, begging for a fuck.

Saul's thick, earth-grimed fingers felt rough, almost scaly as they tightened on the tender flesh of Perry's hips. The big hands jerked Perry's teenage ass back and forth as easily as if Perry were a rag doll.

Perry ass-slid on the man's hard cock, his skull vibrating each time Saul slammed his tight abdomen against Perry's ass. Saul's burning cock fucked in deep, kissing the pit of Perry's shithole. Perry tossed his head from side to side, going crazy with the sensations of being well fucked by a hairy, muscular man.

“Fuck me!” he gasped, dizzy, his vision blurry. “Oh, fuck me!” His head snapped up and down as his body was jerked back and forth. The fuck sensations shot throughout his body. He could feel them in the soles of his feet and in the palms of his hands. His loins throbbed with pleasure, felt as if they were cradled in a hot mouth and were being sucked. He arched his back, forcing his ass up as high as he could. Saul’s swelling cock fucked in and out of him, fucking him fast, fucking him deep. “Oh, God, oh fuck, shit!”

“Christ, he’s wet in there,” Saul muttered. “Hot and wet, just like a woman’s cunt. He’s just like you, Wrenny—got a hot, tight fuckass.”

Wrenny was up on his feet again and was standing now in front of Perry, watching Perry get fucked. The brown-skinned boy danced nervously from one foot to the other, his hand wrapped around his stiff six-incher and jerking up and down so fast that his hand was blurred. Droplets of fucklube flicked off the end of Wrenny’s cock, glinting in the yellow sunshine. The boy’s hairless balls flapped up and down under his fist.

Perry let his tongue hang out, begging the boy for a taste of balls or cock. Wrenny grinned, stepped up close, shoved his velvet skinned balls against Perry’s mouth. Perry sucked up the boy’s left ball, munching gently while torturing the ball with his wriggling tongue. The boy squealed.

“Now do the other one,” Wrenny said. “Suck them big nuts.”

Perry got his lips around the boy’s left ball, lapping and sucking the balls. The scent of musky young balls made him even drunker. He cooed, driving his nose down under Wrenny’s balls so he could lick at the boy’s pink, hairless ass. The young boy’s crotch was wet with sweat, with delicious salty-sweet boy sweat Perry sucked it up, gnawing on the boy’s ass and making him squirm.

“Eat my cock!” Wrenny muttered. “Blowjob, blowjob!” He slapped his left hand to Perry’s forehead, forced Perry’s head back and up, then used his right hand to stuff his dripping young cock into Perry’s mouth.

Perry gagged as the steel-hard prick rammed his tonsils. He chomped down on the base of the cockshaft with his teeth. It was like biting a rod of oak. The boy’s cock was amazingly hard, harder than any cock Perry could remember having had in his mouth, and vibrations drilled through Perry’s

front teeth. The boy's cock was as hard and alive as one of those white plastic vibrators Perry used from time to time to shove up his ass while jacking off.

"Suck it!" Wrenny hissed. "Oooh, make it come!" The boy's hands ran all over Perry's head, stroking, petting. At the same time, Wrenny started to hump fucking his excited young prick in and out between Perry's spongy lips, massaging Perry's mouth and throat. Fuck-lube drooled from the boy's piss tube, and Perry swallowed the sappy-tasting stuff.

Perry found himself being fucked from both ends by father and son.

Mounted on his ass, Saul grunted, his loins jerking and screwing.

Clinging to Perry's head and fucking his face was Saul's randy young son.

This was the first time Perry had ever experienced a threesome, and his mind and body seemed almost radioactive. All his senses were being assailed at once. It was as if he were in the middle of a mob, being helplessly shoved in all directions at once. An almost constant moan bubbled in his throat. He thrashed and wriggled, sucked with both his mouth and asshole, let the pleasure take him.

"He's a good sucker, Pa," Wrenny said. "My prick feels real good. Kiss, Pa, kiss."

Perry felt father and son lean toward each other over him and engage in a long, wet kiss. Warm spit dripped onto his back. He rubbed his nose back and forth against Wrenny's hairless groin, his chin twisting against Wrenny's spongy, silky-smooth balls, every inch of Wrenny's hot cock-rod sucked into his mouth and throat. He loved the taste and feel of the young boy's prick wished he could bite the cock off and swallow the succulent prick. His tongue wriggled all over Wrenny's prick, making the cock twitch and squirm in his mouth, making Wrenny squeal and writhe.

"Oooh, Perry, eat my hot meat! Suck the jizz outta my balls! Make it come, Perry, suck it out!"

The boy's prick throbbed and quivered in Perry's mouth, almost fluttered, and Perry knew the boy was close. Saul's man-cock throbbed in Perry's asshole, relentlessly slicing, Saul's hard belly relentlessly pounding

Perry's ass. Perry's prostate gland had swelled up and felt on fire, felt as if it would split open. For the first time since being mounted by the two males, Perry dared take hold of his own cock again. They were close to blowing their loads, so now he could pleasure his own cock and blow his own load it would be only a matter of minutes, maybe only seconds—there was no doubt about that—before he lost his seething jism. The moment he touched his cock, he could sense the jism beginning to uncoil in his balls. His hand made long, slow strokes on his cock, fisting the hot prick skin, making his cock throb and ache and burn and tingle.

Come, you big pricks! he said in his mind. Blast me! Feed me your jizz—up my ass, down my throat! Come on, you hot mothers! Cream me! Fuck your jizz into me!

“Oooh, I feel it coming!” Wrenny moaned. “Mnn, feels so good! Oh, Pa, oh, Perry!” The boy's prick quivered in Perry's mouth, tingling Perry's lips and tonsils. The boy's balls swelled and contracted. His skinny belly tightened and shivered against Perry's nose. His prick flexed. A stream of molten boy-jism splashed against Perry's tonsils. “Ohhhhhhh, maaaaannnnnn! Eeeeh, fuck!” The young jism gushed out of him, filling Perry's mouth.

“Shoot it, young'un,” Saul muttered, his voice pained. “Fuck that pretty face. Make him eat your fuck-cream.” Saul fucked slower now, his cock pulling all the way out of Perry's asshole, then fucking back in with savage thrusts. The big cock stuffed Perry again and again and again, feeling to Perry like a red-hot steel pipe. The twisting, slicing flicks of Saul's cock against Perry's prostate gland were making Perry see stars. Perry's pleasure was next to unbearable.

“Eat that jism!” Wrenny gibbered. “Suck them nuts dry!” His flexing prick pistoned between Perry's lips, spurting endlessly.

Perry swallowed fast, his throat making gurgling noises. The alkaline taste and scent of hot boy-jism was like churning clouds in his head. He sucked like a baby at a nipple, receiving the jetting streams of fresh boy-cum down his throat. He didn't care whether the boy ever stopped squirting. He loved that cock, loved that jism. His hand pistoned over his own cock, jerking the cockskin up and down, rubbing the prickhead until he thought

he'd go insane from the intensity of his pleasure. His jism was on its way. His loins were jerking.

Saul fell on him, Saul's grizzled chin grating his back like boar bristles. Saul's cock seemed to become as big as an arm—inside Perry.

Saul grunted. A spurt of jism so forceful that it made Perry gasp and jerk hurled into Perry's asshole. Saul gnawed Perry's shoulder, drooling warm spit. As another explosion of jism drilled Perry's shithole, Saul jerked up, nearly ripping out a mouthful of Perry's shoulder in the process.

"Awwww! Goddamn! Fuck!" Saul blasted him again, driving into him and jarring his skull.

At that moment, Perry's own jism spurted from his cock, leaving a whip of sticky cum glued across his belly and chest and pelting Wrenny's naked feet.

Perry snapped his head back, groaning. "Ohhh, shit, ohhh, fuck, ahhhh!"

More cum burst out of him. The orgasmic sensations scourged his loins inside. He whimpered with painful pleasure. "Uhhh, ohhhh!"

Perry lost only two rounds of cum before Wrenny dived under him, squirming on the moss and going for his cock like a puppy for a milk-ripe tit. As Perry's third round squirted from his gaping cumhole, Wrenny wrapped his mouth over the end of Perry's cock and took the hot load of cum down his young throat. The young boy cooed, smacked his lips, moaned as Perry fed him round after round of cum. Perry was still shooting when Saul's cock popped out of his asshole. Saul collapsed on the moss beside him. Perry's asshole remained wide open for a few seconds after the exit of Saul's cock. Perry sighed, milking the last of his cum into Wrenny's sucking mouth. At last, exhausted, he collapsed face-up beside Saul on the mossy bed, shielding his eyes from the glaring sun by dropping his forearm over them.

Wrenny crouched over him, licking the cum off his front. Wrenny took his hand and sucked the own off his fingers and knuckles. Then Wrenny flapped down on top of him, rubbing against him and sighing.

They kissed. Wrenny's mouth tasted like cum, and Perry licked the sticky fluid from Wrenny's burning lips. Perry stroked Wrenny's back and hugged him. They were both drenched in sweat. They slid against each other as if they'd both been rubbed down with oil. They kissed again.

"We ate each other's cum," Wrenny said. "That makes us brothers." His hard cock throbbed between their bellies.

Next to them, Saul was snoring.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Joel leaned his rifle against the wall in a corner of the front room, then stomped into the kitchen, kicking aside dirty clothes and a footstool on the way. He had half a mind to dive outside again and drag that good-for-nothing Wrenny in here by his waist-length hair and kick his little whore-ass good. The faking house was a pigpen—a man damned near could break his neck just trying to walk through the front room—and it was all Wrenny's fault. The little shit couldn't cook, couldn't clean, couldn't do anything except get fucked.

Joel went to the icebox and pulled out a pitcher of cold milk. Well, at least the fucker had milked the cow this morning. He pulled a dirty cup out of the sink and filled it to the brim with milk. He lifted the cup and tilted his head back, and dumped the cold milk down his throat. He slammed the cup down, watching with disgust through the kitchen window as naked Wrenny scampered along behind pa and that blond queer and as all three disappeared up into the woods.

He needed something to chew on. He spotted a half-eaten loaf of brown bread on the cupboard and ripped off a hunk of it with his fingers. The crust crumbled and flaked as he chomped into the bread, and the inside was dry and tough. Wrenny sure wouldn't ever make bread like ma used to make. He wouldn't take the time. He was too jumpy. His ass was too itchy.

Ma would take half the day to make the bread. Wrenny whipped it together in fifteen minutes, rammed it into the oven of the wood stove, and baked the shit out of it. Sometimes it came out like rubber, sometimes like wood. And it always had this funny taste to it. Joel couldn't be sure—he'd never caught the little fucker doing it—but it was very likely that Wrenny jacked off into the bread dough while he was mixing it up.

Joel swallowed with effort, feeling a dry lump of half-chewed bread ease down his throat. Then he dipped some water out of the water crock with a tin cup and washed the crumbs down. He smacked his bare belly with his palm and let out a belch.

Now he was supposed to crawl around on his knees in the garden, yanking out weeds or something, with that blasted sun baking him and giving him heatstroke. After hunting a couple of hours, after bringing pa a couple of fresh asses to fuck, what thanks did he get? Go do some work in that garden.

Joel stomped through the living room, kicking that blasted footstool out of the way again, and yanked open the front door. Blinded by the sunshine, he damned near tripped over Mac again, who was dozing as usual in front of the door.

“Damn you, hound, get outta a man’s way for once!” Joel aimed a kick at the dog’s ass, but the hound bounded off the porch before it connected.

Joel looked out over the yard and over at the garden, standing with his hands on his hips and feeling the wind bristle the hairs of his armpits.

He scratched his balls through his pants, stroked his slightly swollen cock.

Goddamn, but this hot weather made a man horny! Shit, and he was supposed to crawl around in the garden like some kind of slave while Wrenny was up in the woods riding cock. Oh, there was no doubt that that’s what Wrenny was doing at this moment. He was likely getting ass-fucked by both pa and that blond-haired pussy at the same time. He’d looked like he’d had ants swarming in his asshole when he’d followed pa and that pansy up into the woods behind the house a few minutes ago. Damn little prick!

Joel glanced over to his left and caught sight of Mac sniffing at the door of the woodshed. That black-haired pansy was in there, that one with the hot mouth who he’d fed his cum to up at the spring, the one whose name was Ken. Joel felt his cock swell some more in his pants and begin to throb. He rubbed his chin.

That dark-skinned pansy had one cute little ass. What would it be like to shove his cock in? Probably would feel real tight in there, and real hot.

Probably wouldn’t feel much difference from a cunt.

Joel’s cock swelled up to a full hard-on and he rubbed at his prick hard through his pants. He glanced over at the garden and watched the heat



waves rising off the black dirt. The heat waves rising off his cock were even hotter than that. He glanced back at the woodshed where Mac still sniffed at the locked door. He leaned over and began to untie his boots.

He straightened up and stepped on the heel of his left boot with the edge of the sole of his right. He got both boots off, then unsnapped his pants and peeled them down. As he stepped out of his bunched pants, his socks came off with them.

He was buck naked in the sunshine, and he stretched long and hard, enjoying the feel of the hot wind licking up under his balls. His prick felt three feet long. He flexed his cock a few times, using the muscles of his loins alone. He turned his head to the side and caught a whiff of his left armpit—a real man-smell. Mac trotted over to sniff at his balls.

“Get the fuck outta here, you danged mutt!” He roared and leapt off the porch. Mac streaked away, tail between his legs. Joel chuckled and trotted toward the woodshed.

The sun-baked horseshoe almost burned his hand as he jerked it out of the lock staple, and he tossed it aside, cursing under his breath. The door swung open with a nudge of his right foot, hinges screeching. Mac was trying to sneak in between his legs. He bonked the dog on the snout with the back of his hand.

“Damn you, mutt, stay here! Sit!”

The dog whimpered.

The pansy was sitting in the back of the shed, leaned up against a couple of huge sacks full of chicken feed. The boy squinted up at him from down in the shadows, but he didn’t change his position—legs stretched out and spread apart. Surprisingly, the boy’s cock was hard as a rock, standing up against his belly like a seven-inch snake and pecking at his navel.

“Well, well, what have we got here?” Joel stepped into the shed, immediately breaking out in a profuse sweat. The shed was like an oven inside.

“What do you want?”

“I want you, pansy ass.” Joel noticed that the boy looked as if he’d just stepped out of a pond where he’d been swimming. The boy’s body was

shiny and slick with sweat. Joel's cock tingled at the tight and throbbed up and down.

"Why don't you go eat some rocks or something?" the boy said.

Mac growled, and Joel swung around to see the dog crouched in the doorway of the shed as if about to spring. "Dog, you stay outta here unless I give the word. Hear me?"

He took a step toward the hound and the hound backed off and sat.

Joel turned back toward Ken, who hadn't moved. He grinned. "Rock-eating ain't my department, pansy. It's your department, along with cocksucking."

The boy scowled, but he remained where he was, seated on the dirt floor of the shed with his back propped up against the sacks of chicken feed.

"Where's Perry?"

"Your queer buddy? Why, he's up in the woods fucking my little brother's ass, or else getting his own ass fucked by my pa. He's having hisself a right fine time." Joel maintained his steady grin.

"You're crazy!" the boy said. He closed his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Maybe I'm crazy, but I ain't no pansy," Joel said. He nudged the sole of the boy's right foot with the big toe of his own left foot.

The boy jumped, yanking his foot away and opening his eyes. "Cut it out, will ya?"

"Whatsa matter? Think my toe was a snake? Thought you got bit, didn't ya?"

"Leave me alone."

"Now, you don't really mean that, pansy boy. Here a real man stands in front of ya with a big sweaty dong and you want him to leave ya alone? Admit it, Kenny baby, you's crazy for another taste of my dick."

"Go to hell!"

Joel chuckled. He was having too much fun to let the pansy rile him up.

“Aw, come on, honey, be a nice girl now and let me have a piece of your pretty ass.”

“You shit fucker!” The boy sat up, glaring. He kicked aimlessly at Joel.

Joel stepped backward, laughing. “Aw, come on, you pretty little thing, wiggle that tight ass at me and let me on.” He took his cock by the base and waved the heavy fucker at the boy. “Come on, sissy, I can tell you’re just crazy for it.”

The boy sent a gob of spit at Joel that landed with a splat in the hot dust. “If that ugly mutt of yours wasn’t around, I’d wipe your ass, hillbilly!”

Joel felt a knot tighten in his stomach. He swung around and slammed the door shut, locking out Mac. It was pitch-black suddenly in the shed and Joel staggered forward, ready to kill the boy with his bare hands. His shins suddenly exploded with pain and he found himself up in the air, then hitting the ground. The wind was knocked out of him for a moment and he lay there helplessly in the dirt as the sweat-greased boy fell on him.

They were belly to belly, the panting youth pinning him down. He could smell the boy’s apple like breath on his face. Their cocks squirmed between them like hot steel pipes. Joel arched up, trying desperately to heave the boy off himself, but the boy clutched him in a bear-hug.

“Now where’s your smart tongue, you dumb little hillbilly? Not so tough now, are ya?” Ken muttered his words between panting breaths.

Joel caught his breath, then closed his eyes and gathered all his strength. He tensed all his muscles at once and tried to explode, imagined Ken knocked up in the air off himself and through the roof of the shed. He growled as he exploded, the lights flashing inside his brain, the muscles of his body turning to railroad steel as he strained.

Ken clutched him tighter, held him down.

Joel relaxed back, gasping for breath, feeling completely washed out.

“Damn you, get off me!” It ain’t fair, he thought. I’m the one’s supposed to be on top.

Ken chuckled between pants. “Awww, poor boy! No big grizzly bear daddy to help him. No big yellow-toothed doggie to do his fighting for him.

No big gun. Awwww, poor boy!”

Joel’s eyes were adjusting to the dim light. He looked up into the boy’s mocking face, twisted his head away as sweat drops showered down on him like rain. “You’d better let me go, or my dad’ll whup you to death when he gets back.”

The boy hauled off and slammed him across the face. Joel saw flashes of white light in his skull again. His face stung with fire. He pushed at one of his teeth with his tongue, feeling that it had loosened, tasting a little blood.

The boy’s body seemed to soften on top of him, seemed to get lighter.

“Hey, man, I’m sorry. I didn’t really mean to do that. It just happened.”

Joel couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He was still a little stunned from the blow. “Let me up,” he mumbled, his jaw throbbing as he spoke.

The boy lay on him, unspeaking. In the few moments of silence, Joel could feel the boy’s heart hammering away as hard as his own was. The boy shifted a little, and their pricks rubbed against each other between their bellies.

Joel realized suddenly that he was still as horny as hell, maybe even hornier than he’d been when he’d barged in here to fuck this boy’s ass.

The boy started to lift up, started to separate their sweat-glued fronts, but Joel’s hands, as if acting independently of his mind, clamped over the boy’s smooth asscheeks and pulled the boy’s loins, tight to his own.

At the same moment, he began to hump up against the boy.

Ken muttered something Joel couldn’t make out, then relaxed back down on top of him. Ken had that strangely sweet, apple-smelling breath, and Joel inhaled it. A second later their open mouths were pressed together and they were kissing frantically, their tongues licking out each other’s mouth, Ken’s warm spit leaking down Joel’s throat. Joel groaned, writhing under the boy, humping up against him.

It was crazy, but Joel thought he might be in love. Two minutes ago he had wanted to kill this boy, had wanted to rip the arms and legs off him and feed his bloody carcass to Mac, but now he wanted to slide into him, to melt

with him and be a part of him. He was in love. Jesus Christ, he was fucking in love!

His hands slid all over Ken's sweat-oiled back, slid down and squeezed Ken's flexing little asscheeks. He shoved his middle finger up and down Ken's sizzling asscrack, pressed at the asspucker and felt Ken's asshole twitch. His middle finger slipped into Ken's asshole as easily as into the sucking mouth of a baby. Ken was seething inside, his asshole clutching rhythmically around Joel's fucking finger.

"Jesus Christ!" Joel moaned, "Oh, Jesus Christ!" He tossed his head sensuously from side to side, a mouthful of his neck-flesh caught between Ken's gnawing teeth. He pulled his wet finger out of Ken's asshole and thrust it into his mouth, sucking off Ken's ass juices.

Joel couldn't believe what he was doing, what he was feeling. It was as if he'd turned queer in only a matter of seconds. He humped up at Ken, working his prick against Ken's prick and between their heaving abdomens.

"Oh, man, oh, Ken!"

"Joel," Ken muttered. "Oh, shit man, Joel, Christ!" He plastered his mouth over Joel's mouth again, and Joel let him suck the breath out of him.

Sharp needles of sunlight poured in ceaselessly through the cracks between the wall boards of the woodshed, and the interior of the shed seemed to Joel no longer black but cozily dim. He gazed up into Ken's raisin eyes, watched them shift as if they were dancing, watched them shine and glint. He thrust his tongue up into Ken's open mouth, receiving little spurts of sweet warm spit, which he swallowed as if it were wine.

"What's happening?" Ken moaned. "Jesus Christ, what's happening?" He shook his head from side to side, his face furrowed with puzzlement.

"I don't know," Joel said, gasping as a sudden thrill shot through his cock and made him arch up. "Oh, fuck!"

They were suddenly rolling in the hot dust of the shed like a pair of wrestlers. The sweat bubbled out of their pores like spring water. Joel had never felt so steamy in his life. He felt helpless, yet strong at the same time. All his strength was in his loins, was being directed toward Ken's loins. Rolling over and over, back and forth, along the floor of the shed—arms

and legs entwined, bodies crushed in twin bear-hugs, biting and licking at each other—they groaned together with their mutual pleasure, shimmying their hugely swollen pricks together, grinding their balls together. Suddenly, they broke apart, each of them rolling onto his back.

Their hands sought out each other's cock. They lay side by side, Joel reaching over with his right hand and Ken with his left, and they jacked off each other's cock in unison, their hearts pounding.

"You got a real big one," Joel said, delighting in the feel of Ken's red-hot prick throbbing in his hand.

"So do you," Ken said, working the foreskin up and down over Joel's pulsating prickhead and making Joel pant even harder. "Wish I had the extra meat you got. You think yours feels better than mine because of the extra meat?"

"Maybe," Joel said. "That skin up there is mighty pleasurable."

Ken worked the foreskin back and forth rapidly, causing Joel's toes to curl with pleasure. Joel squeezed his legs together, moaning. Ken suddenly sat up, leaned over Joel's cock, and began to lick at the prickhead while he continued to beat off the cockshaft.

"Oh, Christ, Kenny, eat it!" Joel arched up, shoving his prickhead between Ken's lips.

"Oh, fuck!" Ken mumbled, sucking Joel's cock up into his mouth. "Mmmmm!"

He went down on Joel's prick, taking the cockhead right down into his throat.

Joel squirmed, making quick humping movements. He thrashed his head from side to side. Ken's wet tongue got between his foreskin and his prickhead and began to lick around and around, and Joel thought he was going to lose his mind.

"Oh shit, oh Goddamn fuck! Eat that meat, Kenny, suck that big meat! Ooooooh, ahhhh!" Joel watched Ken's head bob over his cock, watched Ken's lips stretch out long around his cock as Ken raised his head, then turn into his mouth as Ken mouth-fucked down. It was a pretty sight—his big cock moving in and out of Ken's pretty face. "Oh, Kenny!"

Joel ran his hands all over Ken's naked back, reached down and played with Ken's ass, got his hand down between Ken's legs from behind and squeezed at Ken's big hot balls. Ken groaned and suddenly shifted position, moving up and lying in an inverted position alongside Joel, his cock throbbing next to Joel's face. Joel flipped onto his right side. He was going to eat some hot cock himself.

Joel gripped Ken's prick by its base and bent Ken's cock up so he could suck. The big cut cockhead resembled a shiny delicious apple. The piss-slit gaped wide open and the fucklube oozed out, thick and clear. Joel fastened his lips over the cumhole and sucked out the warm fuck-lube.

Kenny's prick quivered, bucking in his grip.

"Ohh, Joel baby, suck it!" Ken's hips bucked, his cock fucking back and forth in Joel's fist. The fuck-lube bubbled out of his cock and Joel swallowed eagerly. "Suck it, oh, suck it!"

Joel tasted the cockhead meat. The prick was salty, and the big prickhead throbbed in Joel's mouth. Joel went down on Ken's cock, his lips stretched around the veiny prickshaft, his throat filling with Ken's prick-knob.

"Ohhh, Joel!" Ken moaned. "Ohhh, baby!" The boy shimmied his smooth legs together and jerked his loins, fucking Joel's mouth with quick, short thrusts.

Joel reached for his own cock to rub. The experience of having a hard cock in his mouth and sucking on a prick was making his own cock ache unbearably. He jerked the skin up and down his prickshaft, crushing the hot feelings through his cock.

Ken peeled Joel's fingers off his cock. "Let me suck it." Ken swallowed up Joel's cock again.

Now they were sucking each other's cocks at the same time. Joel was so excited he thought a blood vessel was going to burst in his brain. He bobbed his head on Ken's cock, sucking hard, churning his wet tongue at Ken's prickhead. His own cock felt the suck sensations that Ken was giving. They were sucking to the same rhythm, so to Joel it was almost as if he were sucking on his own cock. It felt good—getting sucked and sucking. Why had he waited so long before sucking cock? Damn that cocksucking

Wrenny! The little shit was years ahead of him. Fuck, if he'd only known how much fun cock-sucking was, and how much pleasure it could give, he'd have been doing it years ago.

Ken groaned loudly, his mouth still stuffed with Joel's cock. His cock flexed hard in Joel's mouth, nearly escaping Joel's sucking grip. He jerked.

A spurt of hot cum splashed against Joel's tonsils and he gagged from the force. Another spurt shot down his throat, but this time he was able to control his throat and swallowed the hot cum hungrily.

Ken's cock quivered in Joel's mouth.

More cum squirted down Joel's throat. It was sweet, delicious. The aroma and taste saturated Joel's senses.

Ken sucked hard on Joel's cock as he spurted again. "Joel," he groaned around Joel's cock. "Ahhhh!" His cock finished feeding Joel its load, the spurts giving way to a bubbling of cum from the cumhole, the bubbling giving way to an oozing.

Ken's spent cock twitched in Joel's mouth, and Joel sucked the last of the cum from Ken's piss tube, milking the prickshaft with his lips. He fell away from Ken, pulling his own cock out of Ken's mouth, and he rested back, panting, licking Ken's sticky cum off his lips.

Ken stroked Joel's belly. "Don't you wanna come, Joel? Don't you want me to blow you off?"

Joel swallowed, his heart pounding in his head so loud that he was hardly able to hear Ken. "Think you're still hard enough to fuck me?"

"Fuck you?"

Joel's asshole tingled, aching for something to fill it. "Yeah, I wanna see what it feels like?"

Ken pushed himself up until he was kneeling above Joel. Ken's cock stood straight out, twitching, the length of his prick still gleaming with Joel's spit. His big balls shifted in their sac as if quickly brewing up a fresh load of cum.

Joel spread his legs, pulled his knees up to his chest, and raised his ass up high. His asscheeks were spread, his asspucker exposed. Even though



the air inside the shed was stagnant, he could feel it licking hotly at his pucker. His asshole contracted, aching unbearably. “Oh, Christ, Kenny, shove it in! I wanna feel it!”

Ken kneeled up close. He leaned over and drooled some spit directly from his mouth onto Ken’s asspucker. The warm spit leaked down Ken’s asscrack and onto his lower back. Ken spit into his hand and rubbed his cock.

Joel watched every move Ken made, saw Ken’s hard cock become even harder, saw Ken’s prick throb up to a forty-five-degree angle from his loins. He was so excited he could hardly breathe. He wanted to feel that big cock inside his ass. “Oh Christ, fuck me!”

Ken grinned at him, rubbing his greased prickhead up and down over Joel’s asspucker. “So, now we see who the real pansy is, don’t we, you queer little hillbilly?” Ken’s raisin eyes glinted like black diamonds.

“Shit, just shove that big thing in me!”

“Say you’re a pansy.”

Joel wiggled his ass, his loins throbbing maddeningly. He grabbed his cock and pumped, hoping he wouldn’t shoot off before Ken got the cock inside him. “Put it in, put it in!”

“Say it!” Ken drummed his dripping prickhead against Joel’s swollen, throbbing asspucker.

“For Christ sake, I’m a pansy, a fucking queer pansy! Oh Christ, shove it in!”

Ken twisted his big cockhead against Joel’s asspucker, leaning into Joel as he did so. It was as easy as if both Ken’s cock and Joel’s cockhead had been buttered—Ken’s cock fucked in to the very hilt in one screwing thrust.

Joel’s eyes rolled back into his skull. His mouth gaped in a silent scream of shock and ecstasy until the sound at last burst from his lungs and throat: “Ohhhhhh, fucking wowww!” He panted, his pants sounding like quick groans. He couldn’t move, didn’t want to ever move, just wanted to feel stuffed full of hot cock like this forever. “Oh, Kenny, Kenny, huh, huh, uhh.”

Ken leaned down onto him in a push-up position. He kissed Joel on the nose. “Know what, baby, you’re cute. Never thought I’d ever say that about a guy, especially about you, but, damn it, you’re fucking cute, and I like being inside you, and now I’m gonna fuck you. Want me to fuck you, you, dirty little hillbilly?”

“Oh, Kenny, fuck the shit outta me!” Joel hooked his ankles over Ken’s shoulders, slid his legs down Ken’s back until Ken’s shoulders were hooked under his knees. He felt Ken’s cock throbbing inside him, felt Ken’s wiry pubic hair tickling his wide-stretched asspucker. “Fuck me deep, Kenny, fuck me hard!”

Ken had already started to move. His cock pulled almost all the way out, then fucked back in.

Joel gasped, pumping his cock, jerking the foreskin furiously back and forth over the prickhead. “Fuck me, Kenny! Oh God!”

“You’re damned pretty,” Ken panted, his skinny loins humping, his cock fucking in and out. “Shit, you’re sexier than any girl I’ve ever fucked, and your asshole’s tighter than any cunt I ever fucked.” He rotated his ass, screwing down into Joel and scouring Joel’s ass with his wiry groin. “Feel good?”

Joel was moaning, thrashing, and he didn’t care who heard him. “Oh fuck, keep doing it! Feels—feels—shit I ain’t never felt nothing like it! Oh, woww!” Joel’s toenails clawed at the balls of his feet from the intensity of the fuck sensations. His cock felt as big as a leg in his hand, and his forearm ached because he was beating his cock so hard.

Ken bounced up and down, his cock fucking, his big balls flogging Joel’s ass. “Come on, baby, squirt your jism! Come on, let me see you squirt it on your face! Come on, baby, shoot!”

Joel couldn’t hold it. He wanted this fucking to go on forever, but he just couldn’t hold it anymore. His balls felt as big as chicken’s eggs and they were already starting to contract.

“It’s coming,” Joel gasped. “Watch it come, Kenny! Watch it—ohhhhhhh, Christ!” The hot cum spurted onto his face, but Joel couldn’t see because his eyes were rolled back too far into his skull. “Ahhhhhhh!” He saw the second round or jizz-wads hurl from his wide open piss hole, but this

round never got to his face because Ken had leaned his head down to watch and the hot cum splatted all over his face instead.

Ken chuckled, fucking all the while. “Keep shooting Joel! Keep pumping it out!”

Joel’s body became a mass of chills and hot flashes and streaming tingles. His ass jerked around Ken’s fucking cock. His own cock jerked in his hand. He gasped, grunted, his loins contracting, his jism spurting onto Ken’s face. He’d never felt so good in his life.

When his orgasm was all over, he let his legs off Ken’s shoulders, let them drop down into the hot dust, relaxed back and didn’t care about anything. Ken’s cock slipped out of him, and Ken settled down on top of him, the hot cock throbbing between them. Warm jism dripped all over Joel’s face, running off Ken’s face, and Ken began to lap it up. Joel responded by starting to lick Ken’s face. Soon their tongues were flying, and they were both, giggling like a couple of giddy kids.

## CHAPTER SIX

They'd hardly spoken to each other on the trek back to the clearing with the spring pool. Perry had gone ahead, leading Ken up the long trail through the fields above the Fenton farm. They'd both looked back at the top of the hill just before they'd entered the woods, and both had waved to the jumping, waving, jack-in-the-box figure in front of the house a half-mile below.

"He's some kid," Perry had mumbled, and to his surprise, Ken had chuckled and agreed. Then they had dived into the cover of the woods, leaving the Fenton house and Wrenny behind. It had been like entering reality again.

That house down there, that family down there—they'd been unreal.

The spring pool and clearing were only a twenty-minute hike from the top of the Fenton fields, and supposedly they were not still on Fenton land, but they were making camp for the night as if they were in the safety of some private campground of their own. They hadn't even hesitated before agreeing to make camp here.

"Should we camp here?" Perry had asked.

And to his surprise Ken had smiled warmly and had said, "Yeah."

Ken was using a rock to pound in the metal stakes of the pup tent now while Perry squatted beside him ready to secure the lines to the stakes.

A honeybee working late came buzzing around Ken's back, and Perry shooed it away.

"Thanks," Ken said.

"It thought you were a flower."

"Smelled my sweat. Christ, I stink!"

"So do I," Perry said, brushing some grit off Ken's bare back. "Man, you're grubby. What were you doing, rolling around in the dirt?"

"You might say that."

“Tell me about it.”

“Tell you later. OK, tie up the line.”

While Perry secured the final tent rope to the final stake, Ken stood, tossing the rock aside. He walked over beside the spring pool and squatted again to untie his boots. The sun was low, but enough of it filtered in at an angle through the trees to give a bronze sheen to Ken’s sweaty back. Perry guessed that the time was six, maybe seven in the evening, but the temperature was still in the mid-eighties. They’d need no fire to keep them warm tonight, only for light and to make them feel cozy.

Ken kicked off his boots, then straightened up and pushed down his jeans.

His beautiful lean ass stared Perry right in the face as he leaned over and pulled the jeans off over his bare feet. Then he stood there, hands on his hips, and he gazed down into the pool as if studying something under the surface of the water.

Perry sat next to the tent, pulling off his boots. He moved slowly, fascinated by the statuesque form of Ken standing there on the rock wall of the pool.

“Wanna wash up?” Ken asked, still staring down into the pool.

“Be right there.” Perry went up onto his knees, unsnapped and unzipped his jeans, then shoved them down. His hard cock sprang up, throbbing in the warm forest air. The musky scent of Wrenny’s boyish asshole rose off his cock up to his nose and he almost moaned with frustration because he hadn’t shot off into the young boy’s hot body. While Saul Fenton had slept on and on, Perry had fucked Wrenny for an hour, and Wrenny had shot off twice, but Perry had only pretended, to come into Wrenny. He’d wanted to save his cum, to save it for Ken. He’d sensed that he and Ken would be alone together this evening.

Ken turned toward him, hands still on his hips. He didn’t say a word, just looked sheepishly at the ground, a silly, almost embarrassed smile tugging at his lips. Ken’s cock was in the same state as Perry’s was—hard, erect, throbbing.

Perry stood up and kicked his jeans off his ankles. He found himself shaking, unable to say anything. He tried to think of something clever to say to break the tense silence, but he couldn't think at all. He could hardly remember his own name. He moved toward Ken, his feet shuffling over the warm coppery pine needles. He put his hands on Ken's shoulders.

The tips of their erect cocks kissed. It was like electricity shooting through Perry's cock.

"Kenny, Christ!"

"Perry!"

They swayed together, arms locked around each other, legs entwined, cocks jerking between their bellies. Their mouths joined in a deep and endless kiss. Perry felt the breath sucked out of him, felt himself going limp, felt Ken going limp in his arms. They seemed to both snap out of their trance and catch each other at the same time.

"Wanna wash up first?" Ken asked, breathing heavily.

Perry's loins felt as if they were going to burst. They ached, throbbed.

His balls hurt. He humped against Ken's hard belly a few times, wanting to blow his load right then and there, but he stopped himself. He pushed away from Ken.

"Yeah, let's." He took Ken's left hand in his right hand, and together, their big cocks wagging in the air like erect tails, they stepped down the two feet into the pool. Icy spears shot up through the bones of Perry's legs. "Jesus Christ!"

Ken began to dance. "Aw, come on, it's not that bad."

"Oh, yeah?" Perry was dancing now too. His feet felt like iron shoes packed in ice.

"Yeah!" Ken said, giggling and jumping up and down. He grabbed at Perry's cock. "Mmn, here's something that's hot."

Perry gripped Ken's cock, amazed at how hot it was. "And here's something that's hotter."

They danced from foot to foot, holding on to each other's prick. They laughed, looking into each other's eyes. Perry hadn't seen Ken look so boyish in a long time. The serious set of his face had softened. Perry leaned forward and pecked Ken on the lips. Their arms went around each other again and the icy cold of the pool became nonexistent for a few moments as waves of heat coursed throughout Perry's body. They broke their kiss, breathless once more.

"Let's wash up and get the heck out of here," Ken said. He dipped down suddenly and winced as he began splashing water on his face and chest.

Perry felt so good that he couldn't resist letting out a whoop and throwing himself into the pool. He went under for a fraction of a second, then shot to his feet as if he were a porpoise leaping out of the sea to nab a flying fish. He screamed at the top of his lungs, shaking himself like a dog. For a moment he'd felt as if his blood had turned to ice water and was gushing through his brain. Now a tingling warmth drenched his dripping, goosepimpled flesh. He dipped down, rubbing himself vigorously with handfuls of water, bathing away the sweat and salt and grit, washing away the scent of Wrenny's ass from his cock.

"You're crazy!" Ken said. "Know that? You're crazy."

Then he shook his head wildly, making his black hair fly out in all directions, and he let out a shriek and toppled flat on his back into the water. Almost before he was submerged he was shooting up again, a rocket aimed for the ripening blue sky, and he was letting out a series of whoops.

"But I'm crazier," he yelled. "I'm crazier. Rub the dirt off my back, will ya?" He turned the other way and squatted.

Perry squatted behind him, throwing water on his back and washing the gritty dust off it. "How'd you get so fucking dirty? Tell me now."

"Wrestling with Joel in the woodshed."

"Was it fun?"

"Oh, wow!" Ken shot up, toppled into the water, shot up again. "I'm getting the fuck out of here!" He leapt out of the pool with the grace of a gazelle.

Perry took one, more dip, almost getting to like the iciness of the water, then followed Ken out of the pool.

They stood in a shaft of sunlight, arms around each other, naked bodies dripping onto the rock wall. They kissed. Ken's breath was sweet. Perry couldn't get enough of it.

"Did you have fun up in the woods with those hillbillies?" Ken asked.

"Mmm!" Perry sighed, resting his head on Ken's shoulder with closed eyes.

He felt like going to sleep like this and sleeping forever in Ken's arms.

He let himself go, let Ken hold him up. "Not as much fun as we're having now, though."

"This is crazy," Ken said. "I just don't understand any of it. What are we doing here? Why are we toting like this?"

"Don't you like it?" Perry flexed his cock against Ken.

Ken's cock responded with a flex of its own. "Oh, Christ, yes! But what's happening? Sometimes I think I must be dreaming. I mean, this can't really be happening."

Perry sucked on the side of Ken's neck. "Why not?"

"I mean, it's like we're both queer or something, and we're not—are we?" Ken's voice cracked.

Perry went into a fit of uncontrolled laughter. He laughed so hard that he had to push himself out of Ken's arms. Ken watched him, half frowning, half smiling, then laughed with him.

"What's so funny? What's so funny?"

"You are," Perry said, swallowing hard and trying to stop his laughing before he got hiccups. He grabbed Ken's hand. "Come on."

Their unrolled sleeping bags lay side by side in the tent, and Perry hauled them out so they'd have something satiny instead of prickly to fuck on. He pulled Ken down on the sleeping bags, and they lay side by side, legs entwined, arms around each other. They kissed again, the thrill of the kiss shooting through Perry's cock.



“Do you love me?” Perry gazed into Ken’s dark eyes.

“I guess so,” Ken said, his voice quavering.

“You guess so?”

“I mean, yeah, I love you. I mean, we’re buddies, right.”

“We’re more than buddies,” Perry said. “We’ve always been more than just buddies. I knew that when we were both still grade schoolers. Tell me the truth—haven’t you always known that too?”

Ken looked thoughtful. “I don’t know. I guess, maybe. I mean, I’ve always liked you more than anybody.”

“Just liked?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I guess maybe it was more than just liked.”

“Haven’t you ever wanted to make love with me?”

Ken blushed. “Shit!”

Perry didn’t say a word—just gazed into Ken’s eyes.

“Well, maybe,” Ken said at last. “When we were kids I guess I did. We did a little kissing back then, didn’t we?”

“And a little rolling around,” Perry said.

“Yeah, that too. But then I started hearing about the queers, about the fags who acted like girls, and I sure didn’t want to be a fag. I didn’t want to be turning into any girl.”

“Do you feel like a girl now?” Perry asked.

“No.” Ken grinned sheepishly. “Course not.”

Perry pecked him on the nose. “You’re a real cutie when you’re not acting so crabby and stubborn.”

Ken’s face got serious for a moment. Then he grinned again. “So are you—when you’re not acting like an old stubborn crab, that is.”

“Fucker!” Perry said. He rolled on top of Ken and began to hump down against Ken’s belly.

Ken’s loins humped up to meet his. Their cocks rubbed together.

“Shit, this is fun,” Ken said. “Oh, fuck, we’re rubbing our pricks together. I never knew queer sex could feel so good. Our balls are rubbing together. Man, that turns me on!”

“Turns me oh, too,” Perry said. “Wanna suck my cock?”

“Wanna suck mine?”

“Are you kidding?” Perry pushed up off Ken and reversed his position over him. He lowered his loins toward Ken’s face while wrapping his hand around the base of Ken’s cock and bending Ken’s prick up so he could suck off his buddy. Ken’s cock was oozing fuck-lube, and Perry licked the clear goo off Ken’s prickhead as it trickled down.

Ken gasped, his cock nearly jerking out of Perry’s grip. “Man, I feel so fucking hot!” He pulled at Perry’s ass. “Sit on my face. I wanna lick your nuts and ass.”

Perry eased his ass down onto Ken’s face, feeling Ken’s hot mouth. His entire ass throbbed with excitement. Now he was the one who couldn’t believe, this was all happening. Ken sucking his ass and balls? Fuck, it seemed impossible!

“Oh, man, Perry! Jesus, you’ve got big hunky nuts! Mmmm!” Ken’s hot lips closed around Perry’s balls one at a time. His tongue polished them. His teeth gently nibbled at Perry’s sensitive sac-skin.

Perry thought he was going to have a heart attack. His heart felt bigger than a grapefruit in his chest, and it was slamming like a sledgehammer.

“Kenny, you hot ball-sucker! Oh, fuck, eat my nuts! Suck my ass!”

Perry swallowed Ken’s cock nearly to the base in one gulp. His throat was stuffed, his lips stretched, his mouth crammed full of his lover’s salty cock. He held Ken’s cock in his mouth, just enjoying the feel, the taste of Ken’s prick. He sucked on Ken’s cock, feeling vibrations zing through the prick, feeling Ken’s shaft-arteries twitching against his lower lip, feeling the entire length of the big meaty monster cock swell and throb between his lips. He was in heaven, then even more in heaven as Ken’s wet tongue started lapping up and down the cleft between his asscheeks.

“Christ, what a sweet ass!” Ken mumbled. “Mmmmm, hot sweet ass!” His tongue flapped, cleaning Perry’s asscrack from one end to the other. His

tonguetip probed Perry's asspucker and wriggled in between the tight rings.

Perry thought he was going to shoot off as Ken's tongue wiggled up into his asshole. He lifted up off Ken's cock. "Oh, Kenny, oh, baby, fuck!" He swallowed Ken's cock again and sucked like a baby sucking a tit. He wanted Ken's cum, wanted to taste Kenny's sweet jism, wanted to feel its creamy-slick texture on his tongue and as cum slid down his swallowing throat.

Ken's tongue wriggled deep in Perry's asshole, licking his ass out, rimming Perry's ass, tickling and jabbing at Perry's swollen prostate gland. Then, just when Perry thought he was going to lose his mind from the frustration of having his ass licked out but his cock neglected, Ken shoved Perry's ass up and away and nibbled his way down over Perry's balls, then started gnawing at the base of Perry's splitting-hard cock.

Perry reached down and bent his cock down toward Ken's waiting mouth. He let Ken's cock out of his own mouth for a moment. "Suck my hot meat, Kenny! Suck it while I suck yours! Let's eat cum, Kenny! Hot cum! Suck it out!" He sank his aching cock down into Kenny's throat.

Ken moaned, his cock jumping in Perry's hand. He took every inch of Perry's cock into his mouth and down his throat as Perry looked down under and watched.

The sight was incredibly beautiful. Never in a million years! Perry thought. He hadn't truthfully thought it possible that he would ever be fucking his cock into Ken's sweet mouth. Never in a million years! he'd told himself. But now, there it was—his big horny prick fucking into Kenny's pretty throat.

He squeezed Ken's prick in his grip, studying his friend's cock closely, watching the veins swell, watching the cockhead tickle his nostrils. The piss-slit of Ken's fuck-monster was wide open. Fuck-lube bubbled out.

Perry sipped the fuck-lube, sucked the sweet stuff up, then wiggled the tip of his tongue down into Ken's gaping cumhole.

"Ohhhh!" Ken groaned. "Ahhh!" His big cock shivered.

Perry wriggled his tongue in deeper—almost half an inch—fucking Kenny's cumhole with his tongue, driving his cock-sucking buddy into a

frenzy.

“Suck it!” Ken mumbled around Perry’s cock. The words were mush, but Perry could easily understand them. “Suck it!”

Perry took Ken’s prickhead between his lips and fucked up and down, lightly stimulating Ken’s swollen cock-knob, letting the prickhead pop in and out of his mouth. Ken’s wood-hard cock turned to stone. Perry tortured the hot prickhead with his tongue.

Ken moaned, thrashing deliriously, munching the entire length of Perry’s cock. Ken’s cock quivered in Perry’s mouth and Perry went all the way down, sucking firmly, using his tongue and his lips, using his throat muscles to manipulate Ken’s prick-knob. Ken arched up, his toes working fiercely, all the long muscles of his body straining.

Come on, buddy, feed me! Perry coaxed mentally as he bobbed his head. At the same time, he fucked in and out of Ken’s face, fucking his cock deep into Ken’s throat, listening to Ken choke and gag but unable to control himself anymore. Perry’s loins throbbed with a maddening ache. All the tension of his body was now concentrated in his loins and focused through his big cock. His balls swelled, tingling, pulsating. He was on the verge of blowing his own load.

Come on, baby, come on sweetheart, give it to me! I wanna eat your cum!

Oh, Christ, I wanna taste it! Perry munched on the big cock in his mouth, sensing its strength, sensing the hot tension at its core. He slurped at the cockhead, gave the cockhead all his attention for a few seconds, then went down on Ken’s prick hard, burying his nose in the spongy softness at Ken’s balls.

“Uhhhhhh!” Ken grunted, arching up, fucking his cock even deeper into Perry’s throat. “Awww! Ahh!” Ken’s cock swelled, hardened, shivered more fiercely than an electric vibrator. Ken’s loins convulsed. Ken’s hot jism shot out, neatly blowing Perry’s head off.

Perry found himself choking, gurgling, found Ken’s hot cum bubbling out of his month and down over Ken’s balls. Ken’s load was huge, and Perry couldn’t swallow the erupting jism fast enough. Perry rubbed the slippery jism all over Ken’s contracting balls, rubbed it on his own face. He

wished he could take a bath in the wonderful boy-fluid. He sucked, licked, munched on Kenny's spasming cockmeat, his senses reeling with the sweet scent and taste of jerking cock and fresh jism.

Kenny! he wanted to mutter. Kenny, Kenny, Kenny—oh, Kenny! Feed me!

Just keep on shooting!

The thrills of sucking cock and eating cum caused Perry's loins to become a whirlwind of pleasure inside. The tip of Perry's spine tingled. Hot flashes washed over his naked skin from head to toe. A hand seemed to milk his asshole. His balls pulled up tight and began to contract. The core of his cock became a stream of fire. He could feel the sizzling jism jetting through his piss tube.

"Uhhh!" he grunted. "Ohhh, ohhh, ahhhhhh!" Ken's cum was still dribbling out of his mouth as he pumped his own cum down Ken's throat.

He heard Ken gag and he delighted in the sound. Ken was taking his own load. It was incredible, too much! His muscles tightened, his nipples tingled, and he fed another round of cum to his buddy. Then another and another and another—and Ken took it all, took every drop of it, moaning with satisfaction. Perry wondered whether he'd ever feel this good again.

They fell apart, Perry rolling off from on top of Ken, and they lay side by side licking each other's cock, and balls clean. Afterward, they relaxed awhile, each boy on his back and breathing deeply. Perry finally opened his eyes, aware again of the world around him.

The sun was a red glow in the sky now. Birds still sang, but there were fewer of their voices now. The clearing was bathed in the purplish light of dusk.

"Wonder what the Fentons are up to?" Ken asked, breaking the quiet.

"Good question." Perry caressed Ken's leg. "You think Joel and the old man will come hunting for us?"

"Nah," Perry said. "If they were going to, they would have done it by now. Besides, I think they told Wrenny to let us go before they went out hunting for supper. Us talking him into putting down that rifle was just too easy."

“Maybe he just felt sorry for us. Or maybe he liked us too much and wanted to do us a favor and make us like him.”

“With an old man like Saul Fenton?” Perry said. “If you were Saul Fenton’s little kid would you cross him? Nah, Wrenny let us go because Saul told him to. Saul didn’t do it himself because he likes to play games. That whole thing down there was just a game. You could tell by Saul’s eyes that he was just having a good laugh.”

“He fooled me,” Ken said. “But I hope you’re right.”

“I am,” Perry said. “They were some characters, though, weren’t they?” He rested his head on Ken’s leg.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

“You comin’ along peaceful like or am I gonna have to drag you by that rag of yellor hair?” Joel stood over his brother, gripping the little cock-sucker by the ankle.

“I’ll tell pa,” Wrenny said. “He’ll whup ya.” The boy was lying on the bed between Saul’s hairy legs, toying with the man’s balls as snored.

“You wake up pa and he’ll whup you, fucker. Now come on. Leave him alone. Ya done tuckered him out. Ain’t never seen him in bed this early except when he hung one on.” He tightened his hand on Wrenny’s leg and pulled.

Wrenny kicked at him with his free foot. “Lemme alone!”

“Come on, hot ass! I swear I’ll drag ya outta there by the hair.” He yanked, sliding Wrenny a foot.

Wrenny squealed. “I didn’t tucker him out. It was that city kid done it. Pa about wore hisself out up on that blondy’s ass.”

“I don’t give a fuck who done it. You let Pa alone. You let him sleep it off. Tonight you’re gonna sleep where you belong.”

“This is where I belong.”

“Like hell! You belong in your own bed.”

“That’s your bed now. This here’s my bed—mine and pa’s.”

Joel knew he’d have to hog-tie the little bitch before he was going to get him out of there, and by that time pa would be awake and riled—really riled. The one thing a person didn’t do with Saul Fenton was to wake him up, not unless the house was burning down. Joel glared at Wrenny a moment and Wrenny made a face back. Then Joel grinned inwardly and knew what to do. There was only one way to get Wrenny to do what he wanted, to bribe him, to give him candy. Joel unzipped his pants and hauled out his hard prick. He flexed his cock once at Wrenny, and Wrenny was watching Joel’s cock as if he were hypnotized. “Foller me, young ’un—if

you want a taste.” Joel backed out of the room, craning his neck to make sure he wouldn’t trip over anything in the living room.

Wrenny followed like a zombie, his naked body looking coppery from the reddish light of dusk coming in through the window, his six-inch cock up and just about glued to his belly.

Joel tried to remember when he’d last seen Wrenny dressed, or even half-dressed. Not since school let out several weeks ago, that was for sure.

And didn’t the little fucker’s prick ever go down? His cock might just as well have been carved out of wood. His prick didn’t get hard and soft like an ordinary cock—just stayed hard all the time.

Joel backed into his own bedroom and pointed to the bed. Wrenny dove on the mattress, rolled onto his back, kicked his smooth legs up in the air and tugged apart his asscheeks. Joel got undressed faster than he’d done in a long time. Then he lit the rusty kerosene lantern and hung it on its wall-hook. They had electric lights, but Pa wouldn’t let them use the lights except on special occasions. The only electrical device that ran regularly in the house was the icebox, and it was with a grudge that Pa even paid for that.

“That’s for when it gets dark,” Joel said. “I wanna be able to keep my eye on you.”

Wrenny dipped the middle finger of his right hand into his asshole. Then he pulled it out and sucked on it. “I’m still wet in there, Joel. You don’t need no grease.”

Joel climbed up on the bed and sat back on his heels. He grabbed his cock and pumped it a few times, looking down at his little brother’s sexy ass.

“Who says I’m gonna fuck your ass?”

“What else you gonna do—fuck my mouth?” Wrenny opened his mouth and let his wet tongue hang out. He eyed Joel’s cock.

Joel reached forward and rammed his right hand middle finger up Wrenny’s ass. It was like a mass of crawling hot worms inside. Joel’s cock tapped his belly, and, as he dipped his finger in and out of Wrenny’s



asshole, Wrenny's cock flexed up and down, whacking his tight young belly.

"Jesus Christ!" Joel sighed. Wouldn't he ever get over how fucking hot and sexy his kid brother was? It took all the effort he had now not to dive on the kid and fuck the shit out of him.

Wrenny wiggled on the bed, keeping his legs high and his asscheeks pulled apart with his hands. His cock jumped on his belly like a fish out of water. The little fucker tossed his blond head from side to side, his blue-green eyes wobbling.

"Eeeeh! Feels good!" Wrenny panted. "Ooooh!"

Joel yanked his finger out. It was dripping with juice. He sniffed the juice and it smelled like asshole and cum. He wiped it on his thigh.

Wrenny's asshole took a few seconds to close up again, and Joel watched fascinated as the finger-sized dark asshole constricted and became a twitching pinkish-brown asspucker once again. Above the pucker, Wrenny's fat little nuts twisted this way and that in their hairless sac. Wrenny had the most active balls Joel had ever seen. He swore he could hear them humming like turbines as they brewed up the fresh cum that Wrenny let fly a half-dozen times a day.

Wrenny lowered his left foot until the back of the heel rested on Joel's shoulder. Then he lowered his right foot and started to massage Joel's cock with his big dirty toes. Joel caught his breath, his cock shot through with electricity at the first touch of Wrenny's toes. The little fucker could bring a man off in almost any way—with his toes as well as with his mouth or asshole or hands. He'd jacked Joel off with his feet a lot of times. His big toe stroked up and down the backside of Joel's cock now, peeled the foreskin back off the head, twisted against the backside of the head.

"Hey, Joel," Wrenny said as if he'd just walked into the room. "How come you want me to sleep with you tonight? How come you ain't making me beg for your pecker?" He grinned devilishly.

"Maybe I just want pa to get some rest for a change instead of staying up all night fucking your mink's ass."

Wrenny rubbed toes down under Joel's balls, wriggling them and making the skin on Joel's balls crawl. "You and pa have some fun when you went hunting this afternoon?"

"Shit!" Joel flushed, his face getting all hot.

"Pa fuck your ass?"

"Fuck, no!" Joel's face got hotter, but he wasn't lying. Pa hadn't fucked his ass—but he'd sucked off pa's cock. And that big meaty man-cock had tasted real good, and so had pa's salty jism. Joel's mouth watered at the memory.

"I don't know if I believe you," Wrenny said. He moved his foot back up and started rubbing the hot sole of his big foot up and down the back of Joel's cock, working the foreskin back and forth, on and off the prickhead with his deft toes.

"Who gives a fuck what you believe?"

Wrenny was silent for a moment, his eyes turned aside as if he were studying something in his mind. Then he shot a direct stare into Joel's eyes. "You fuck that black-haired city dude while me and pa was up in the woods with the blondy? I bet you did. You fucked him there in the woodshed, didn't ya?"

"Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. What's it to you? I bet you gave ass to the both of 'em six times before you let 'em go."

"I ain't saying," Wrenny said. "Maybe I did and maybe I didn't." His big toe rotated against the back of Joel's cockhead and Joel gasped.

Joel shoved Wrenny's foot away, holding his breath for a few seconds, and hoping his prick wouldn't shoot off. A few drops of fuck water shot out of his cock before the heavy thrills eased up and his cock relaxed a little.

"You're a fucking little devil. Know that?" Joel said. "You could tease the jizz outta a three-day-old corpse."

Wrenny giggled in his unchanged, girlish voice. The toes of his left foot caressed Joel's right cheek, the toenails making his face-skin prickle as if they were electrified.

“Fuck!” Joel said, unable to control himself anymore. Who gave a fuck if Wrenny found out that he’d turned into a cock-sucker today, a cock-sucker just like Wrenny was? Who gave a fuck? He just wanted to taste Wrenny’s hairless boy-prick, wanted to feel Wrenny’s prick jumping in his mouth while he sucked, wanted to suck the jizz out of Wrenny’s billygoat balls and see what it tasted like. He fell between Wrenny’s legs and caught Wrenny’s cock, bending his prick up to his lips and swallowing Wrenny’s cock to the hilt with a hungry moan.

Wrenny began panting as if he’d just run up the side of the hill out front. His smooth legs were spread so wide that one hung off each side of the bed. He pillowed his head in his clasped hands and gazed down with those shifting blue-green eyes of his so he could watch Joel suck his cock. His little ass wiggled on the bed, his skinny loins bucking up and down rhythmically and working his pleasure filled six-incher in and out between Joel’s tingling lips.

“Mmmmm, big brother,” the boy sighed, “that feels real good. I like getting my pecker sucked just like you and pa do. I’m a boy just like you are, Joel, and I like getting my cock sucked.”

Shut up, will ya? Joel wanted to tell him, but Joel’s mouth was full of jerking boy-cock, and all he could do was to make noises that made him sound like a deaf person trying to talk. He could have spit out Wrenny’s cock, but he didn’t want to do that. He wanted to taste and feel as much of Wrenny’s cock as he could before the little fucker blew—which wouldn’t be long. Wrenny had a real short fuse.

“Mmm, I’m getting my cock sucked! Ooooooh, it feels so good! Eeeeh!”

Wrenny bounced his ass on the mattress while he gibbered as if to himself. The bedsprings creaked with his quick humping.

Joel liked sucking this stiff little cock. The prick wasn’t long enough to murder his tonsils as pa’s was, and Wrenny cock squirmed like a hot finger all over in his mouth, rubbing his gums and his tongue, just filling the entrance to his throat. Joel’s whole head pulsated with pleasant waves of sucking excitement, and his cock throbbed with each wiggle of Wrenny’s boy-cock. Joel slipped his lips up and down Wrenny’s cock, sucked gently, churned his tongue at the backside of the blood-swollen little fuck-rod. At

the same time he fisted his own bucking fucker with his right hand, peeling the inflamed foreskin up and down over his prickhead, feeling the swollen shaft-veins tickle his palm. His big balls flapped up and down under his fist. He crouched between his little brother's legs, his mouth lowered to his little brother's crotch, his head bobbing as he tried to suck the hot fuck-juice out of Wrenny's boyish, loins.

Wrenny's eyes rolled. He contracted his thigh muscles and extended his lower legs, bringing them up to the level of the top of the mattress. His legs formed a nearly complete split, and his brown feet were working back and forth, his grubby toes flexing and extending from the pleasure he was feeling. Each time Joel sucked, Wrenny's balls swelled in their pink sac and lifted, defining themselves and resembling two robin's eggs. The young boy was the picture of uninhibited pleasure, and just watching the boy's reactions to getting sucked would have been excitement enough to bring Joel off.

Joel couldn't hold his load much longer. As he watched Wrenny's eyes roll back and show their whites, he felt his own eyes roll back and felt the jism uncoil in his balls. He sucked with one long-drawn pull of the lips, trying to vacuum the cum out of Wrenny's balls. At the same time, he flapped his wet tongue relentlessly at the quivering pleasure-strand on the rear of Wrenny's cock. He felt his own toes curl, felt his own jism gush through his cock and burst out of him in long spurts. The hot jism splashed against the underside of his chin, pelted Wrenny's dancing balls. He heard Wrenny whimper like a whipped puppy, felt Wrenny's cock turn to steel in his mouth and shiver. Wrenny's hot cum spurted down his throat.

"Uhhh, uhhh, awwwww, maaannnn!" the young boy whined with pleasure. His abdominal muscled rolled like waves. His skinny ass jerked up and down, his loins shuddering. Out of the corners of his eyes Joel could see Wrenny's toes crossing and curling and pointing. Wrenny threw his arms out to the sides as if he were crucified, and he arched up, feeding his jism to Joel.

Joel's eyes rolled back again. His vision blurred. The jism kept spurting out of his contracting cock, going all over the bed, against his belly and chest, onto Wrenny's ass and balls. Joel shivered, his body alternately flashing hot and cold, his prick pulsating with fiery thrills.

“Uhh!” Joel grunted. “Ooh, ohh, ohhhh!” Then he gagged as a sudden barrage of fresh boy-jism flooded his throat. Wrenny tasted sweeter than pa, sweeter even than that black haired stud Kenny. And Wrenny’s jism was hot—Christ it was hot!

Joel was still sucking the residual cum out of Wrenny’s piss tube when Wrenny sighed, relaxed back—his legs dropping once more off the sides of the bed—and reached down to wipe up gobs of Joel’s cum from his balls so he could eat it.

Joel sat up, Wrenny’s stiff cock popping from his mouth and whacking down on Wrenny’s belly.

Licking his fingers, Wrenny glanced up at him. “What next?”

Joel’s asshole tingled, hot for Wrenny’s cock. “Tell you after we rest a little,” Joel said, and he crawled down over his little brother and kissed him on the lips.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

“I’ll say one thing for you,” Perry said, mounting Ken’s ass, “when you discover what you like you don’t waste any time going after it to the fullest. And here I always thought that if we ever got together I’d be the one on my belly and you’d be the one on top of me.”

Ken let out a sound of amusement, but Perry could tell that he was tense.

Perry relaxed down on top of him, humping his cock lovingly up and down Ken’s asscleft. Ken’s asscheeks were hard as stone, squeezed together like a fist. Perry brushed aside some curls of dark hair on Ken’s neck and kissed him there, then nuzzled up behind Ken’s left ear and licked.

Ken shivered, his asscheeks slackening just a bit. “Is it gonna hurt?”

“Not if I do it right—and I’ll do it right. I’ve had lots of experience.”

Ken shook his head. “I never knew, never suspected a thing. Here we’ve been best friends half our lives, and I never even once had an inkling that you were gay. Must be blind.”

“Maybe you never had a conscious inkling,” Perry said, “but unconsciously you sensed it and fought it. That’s what’s been causing all the arguing between us lately. I’ve been giving stronger hints, and your unconscious mind has been putting up one hell of a fight.”

“You oughta become a psychologist,” Ken said, relaxing more under Perry.

He wiggled his hips a little.

Perry reached over for the tube of K-Y he’d brought into the tent.

Holding himself up with his elbows, he unscrewed the white plastic cap and squeezed some of the clear, cool jelly onto the fingertips of his right hand. “I might just do that. I’d do it for sure if I could be certain that all my clients would look like you.”

He lifted up so he could get his hands under him, then began to grease Ken’s asscrack with the K-Y.

Ken tightened up a little again, looking over his shoulder to see what Perry was doing. “What is that stuff?”

“K-Y. It’s slippery as hell, and it’ll wash off when you wanna wash it off. Good stuff.”

“And how come you brought it along?”

Perry laughed. “Just in case I’d needed it. Didn’t we learn in scouts to always be prepared?” He squeezed some more lube onto his fingers and applied it to Ken’s asspucker, rimming the tight pucker with his middle finger. “Funny, but the first time I ever learned about K-Y was when we were both in the scouts. Remember Scout Master Wilson?”

Ken nodded. “The one who looked like Mr. America.”

“That’s him,” Perry said. He slipped his middle finger up Ken’s ass.

Ken gasped, arched up a little, his asscheeks tightening, then eased back down as Perry gently twisted his finger this way and that, loosening Ken up and massaging his pulsing prostate gland.

“Yeah, Scout Master Wilson was quite a hunk. He got me into his tent one night—can’t remember anymore how—and it wasn’t long before he got me stripped and down on my belly on a sleeping bag just the way you are now and started greasing my ass with K-Y. I was just about Wrenny’s size then, maybe a little bigger.” Perry slipped his finger out of Ken’s ass.

Quickly, he squeezed lube onto his throbbing cock and started to grease his prickshaft.

“You mean he fucked you?” Ken was looking straight ahead toward the back of the tent where flickering, swaying firelight was playing on the tent wall.

“Fucked me so good that I shot off twice before he pulled his cock out of me—and I never even touched my cock. He made me feel so good that I wished I was a girl so I could marry him and get fucked by him every night.” Perry dropped the tube of K-Y and nestled his hugely swollen cockhead between Ken’s asscheeks. He let his prick throb there, applying only the gentlest pressure with his cock, feeling Ken’s asspucker pulsate against his prickhead and gradually relax, gradually begin to open up.

“What ever happened to Wilson, anyway?” Ken asked, breathing more heavily, his voice trembling a little now.

“I think he fucked either the wrong boy or one boy too many.” Perry felt his cockhead beginning to sink in. “One day he just disappeared and we had a new scout master, remember?”

“Yeah,” Ken said, his voice tight. “Easy, Perry.”

Perry eased up. He had his cockhead inside Ken now, and he could feel Ken’s asshole twitching inside with a pulse beat. He couldn’t believe it—his cock being clutched by the tight rings of Ken’s asspucker. He was in a semi-push-up position over Ken now, and he held his body motionless, giving Ken as much time as he needed to relax. The thrills shooting through his cock went right down to his toes. Perry dropped his head forward and looked down to see his big cock partially embedded in Kenny’s asshole. He didn’t think he’d ever seen a more beautiful sight.

Ken spread his legs more as if welcoming Perry to take him. “I remember, Perry. Sure I do. All the guys wanted to know what happened to Mr. Wilson and they told us he had to leave town unexpectedly. And my mom asked me if Mr. Wilson had ever done anything funny around me, if he’d ever hurt me. I didn’t know what the fuck she was talking about.”

“Same here,” Perry said. “I didn’t know what the fuck my parents were talking about either when they asked me those questions, and here I’d been buggered damn good by the man. I was hoping Mr. Wilson would come back to town soon and lay me on my belly again and ride my ass like he did that night in the tent. Man, I’ll never forget that night.”

He fucked his cock into Ken.

“Oh, woww!” Ken sighed, biting at his fist. “Fantastic! Shit! Christ, it’s in me!”

Perry lay with his full weight on top of Ken now, his belly pressed against Ken’s warm, upturned ass, his pubic hairs tickling Ken’s asspucker, his cock buried in the depths of his best friend’s ass. He sucked on Ken’s left ear, drove his wet tongue into it felt the entire left side of Ken’s naked body flash with goosebumps. Ken’s asshole squeezed his cock.

“Perry!” Ken moaned. “Oh, Perry!”



“Kenny, Kenny, I love you, baby, I love you!”

“Oh, Perry, I love you!” Ken writhed on the sleeping bag, his ass churning, his thighs humping. “Fuck me, Perry! Oh, Jesus, fuck me!”

Perry almost laughed with exhilaration and good feeling as he started to hump, working his cock in and out of Ken’s clutching asshole. His balls swelled, flapping against Ken’s clutching asshole. His balls swelled, flapping against Ken’s ass. He got his arms around Ken’s chest and Ken arched up like a cobra, twisting his head and groaning as Perry fucked him. Perry bit his lover all over the shoulders and back.

“Oh, fuck, we coulda been doing this a half dozen years ago,” Ken muttered. “Shit, what a waste!”

Perry rolled Ken’s hard nipples between his thumbs and fingers, listening with delight to Ken’s responsive groan. “We’ll just have to make up for it then, lover.”

“Oh, Perry!” Ken panted, tossing his head, squirming in Perry’s arms. “Oh, Perry, baby! I can hardly stand this. Oh, Christ!”

Perry fucked rhythmically, smacking his lower abdomen against Kenny’s wiggling ass, running his hands all over Ken’s flat, clean-cut chest and abdominal muscles. He got his right hand under the right side of Ken’s jaw, twisted Ken’s head to the left. They kissed, tongues darting at each other’s parted lips, warm breaths being exchanged between nostrils and mouths. Ken’s eyes were closed, the lids fluttering. Ken was the most beautiful boy in the world, as far as Perry was concerned, and Perry loved him more than anybody.

“I love you, Kenny! And I’m in you, I’m in you!” Perry said those words over and over because the reality of them was so hard to believe.

Ken spread his legs even wider, bending them at the knees because of the walls of the pup tent would not allow him to keep his legs straight and spread them so wide. His ass gyrated, churning around Perry’s plunging cock. He continued to arch up like a cobra, twisting his head deliriously as Perry gnawed the flesh of his shoulders and neck like a tomcat.

“I’m gonna come,” Ken said almost coolly. “I can feel it—I’m gonna come any second.”

Perry's ass bounced, his cock fucking quicker, the head of his prick kissing the very pit of Ken's asshole. He felt his own cock tightening and hardening and raging toward orgasm. "I'll come with you," Perry gasped. "Anytime you're ready."

Ken's ass wiggled like a puppy's tail for a few seconds, the rest of his body tightening. Suddenly, his ass began to buck, the walls of his asshole milking Perry's cock like hot hands. "I'm coming, Perry! Oh, I'm coming! Ohh, ohh, uhhhh!"

Perry's excitement reached an aching, broiling, pulsating head. The tip of his spine exploded with tingles. Hot prickles raced through his asshole. His balls ballooned, then began to contract.

"Kenny, Kenny, oh Kenny! Uhh, ohhh, ahhh!" His molten cum squirted into the asshole of his buddy, squirted in quick, forceful jets. His entire body convulsed, bucking on top of Kenny while Kenny bucked under him.

Their orgasms became synchronized, Kenny's asshole squeezing and sucking at the same moment that Perry's cock flexed and spurted. Their hot jism gushed out of them in unison, and Perry's ecstasy was multiplied two-fold by the knowledge that Kenny and himself were experiencing the same delicious sensations at the same time.

They collapsed finally into a twitching, sweating mass of naked flesh, their bodies melting together. They lay there minutes before either one of them spoke. His arms still around Ken, Perry clutched Ken tight. Their heads rested together, Perry's right cheek on Ken's left. Their breaths mingled.

Perry broke the silence. "We'd better get some sleep—if you still wanna catch that bus tomorrow."

Ken sighed. "To hell with that bus. Let's stay up in these woods the rest of the summer. In fact, let's not even leave this tent."

Perry nuzzled him, kissed him. "But what about the navy, buddy?"

"What about it?" Ken said. "I'm going to college next fall. You'll be needing a roommate like me to keep you out of trouble."

**THE END**